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THE BURMAH EXPEDITION: DEPOSITION OF KING THEEBAW—GENERAL PRENDERGAST GIVES HIM TEN MINUTES' GRACE.
FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



Government by party and loyalty to party are inevitable conditions of Parliamentary life. The business of a country like England could not be carried on if the House of Commons were filled with independent members. As a general rule, it is a folly, and worse than folly, for the representative of a constituency to break loose from the fetters with which he has been voluntarily bound. He has to consider when a point of disagreement arises that his judgment may be wrong; that the difference of opinion may be of less importance than he supposes; or that what is best is not always what is practicable. In ordinary cases, it is the duty of a politician to follow the leaders he has chosen; but it must be admitted that questions do sometimes arise in Parliament upon which every member is bound to exercise his own judgment. Parties sink into insignificance where the national welfare is concerned, since it is for the good of the country and not of a party that Parliamentary Government exists. The fact is obvious enough; but just as in the excitement of the battlefield a man may be wounded without knowing it, so is it possible in political warfare for a man to be blind to that which is evident to all the world beside.

One of the most striking advantages of Protection over Free Trade is that the former is always furnishing some class of persons with a real grievance. At this moment, the United States Congress has before it the bitter cry of the "lumberers" and "timber merchants." They have been a somewhat petted race for many years, receiving a bounty of 20 per cent to protect them against their Canadian competitors. They now complain that their great Cuban market, which they supplied with hogsheads for sugar, has been invaded by the English sack-makers. Hogsheads are consequently unsaleable, and the coopers are in despair. Their advisers, however, have discovered a means of escape; and Congress is entreated to levy a differential duty on all Cuban sugar imported in sacks, in order to force the planters to return to the use of casks. Our Parliament once had similar ideas, when it passed a statute ordering all persons to be buried in woollen shrouds, in order to help flagging weavers.

The Alabama "indemnity"—of which we have, happily, almost forgotten the payment in this country—still furnishes considerable pickings to our American cousins. The lawyers appear to have got a more steady income from the amount at the disposal of the Court than either the owners of the captured ships or the insurance agents, who are now urging their claims. The amount of the latter, in round numbers, is stated to be nearly eleven millions of dollars, to which five millions have to be added for accrued interest. Nobody in America supposes that the Secretary of the Treasury has the least intention of admitting the charges for interest, or that the Courts of Award will recognise above half of the claims put forward; but it is necessary to get rid of the English millions somehow, and consequently litigation is allowed to drag on—if it is not actually encouraged—in order that the amount received from this country may be absorbed in one fashion or another.

The "Mugwumps" are organising themselves, and are going to set an example to the world, showing how political questions may be considered and decided without regard to party. The "National Political Union" starts with the intention of bringing into contact men and women who will be content to study political principles on their merits, apart from their supposed influence on the balance of parties; and, obviously, for such as think the establishment of another debating society or club, where men and women may find audiences elsewhere denied to them, the proposal is quite harmless. But when we are told (by the prospectus) that matters involving peace and war are amongst the first subjects which lie, or should lie, outside party consideration, we fear that the projectors of the National Political Union have but a very shadowy notion of the limits of the domain of politics, and we can hardly even desire a change in the fundamental divergence of a war policy and a peace policy. In matters affecting the housing of the poor, the inclosure of commons, the rights of women, and the advancement of public morality, the National Political Union may find congenial and useful topics to occupy their orators; but as to its influence when it comes in conflict with the orders of the party "whip," or the instructions of the local caucus, we take the liberty to reserve our opinion.

The ordinary incentives to honesty are so little regarded in the administration of Turkish affairs that one has almost ceased to express surprise at the various turns of Fortune's wheel. The reappearance, however, of Bahri Pasha, a Khurd, who had at one time held the post of Prefect of Pera, is an act of cynical indifference to public opinion. His conduct at Pera was so unbearable, and the charges of violence, extortion, and corruption so flagrant, that he was publicly disgraced and dismissed. Within the last few days, thanks to a series of Court and harem intrigues, Bahri Pasha has been restored to favour, and is now nominated to the Governorship of Scutari, which, as it happens to be situated in Asia, may offer a safer field for the energetic Pasha's method of government than did Pera, which lies so close under the eyes of the European Embassies. The Governorship of Scutari is said to be worth, in the hands of a skilful financier, of course, from £25,000 to £30,000 a year. The reform of the Turkish administrative system seems to have begun in earnest!

Not very long ago a magnificent *édition de luxe* was published of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." It was fitting that the finest biography in the language should be thus treated: a book that has delighted several generations of readers, and that loses none of its interest by age. Boswell would have felt proud if he could have foreseen the honour his *magnum opus* was destined to receive in our time; and the fact that Mr. Bell's beautiful edition has been followed in a year or two by another in five large volumes, is one satisfactory proof, among many, that the inundation of books designed for consumption on railways has not destroyed the love of good literature. Sir John Lubbock's list of the hundred best books has been roughly treated by Mr. Ruskin; but, whatever works may deserve to be omitted from such a catalogue, no reader capable of appreciating literary art will leave out this inimitable biography.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." It must have been by the spirit of prophecy that Disraeli's "Letters of Runnymede" should, as he tells us in his recently published correspondence, have been attributed to "a Mr. Harris, who lives at Staines, I suppose near Runnymede." Evidently a relation of the Mrs. Harris so celebrated a few years afterwards.

There are some curious mistakes in Lord Beaconsfield's letters, due either to writer or editor. He speaks of "a highly eulogistic review of the author of 'Runnymede' in the *Monthly Report*, written by Fox, the preacher." Of course, the *Monthly Repository* is meant, which Mr. W. J. Fox did not edit in 1836, though he may have contributed the review. When in Paris, on his wedding tour, Disraeli speaks of having "seen the 'Proscrit,' a new play, by Eugène Soulié, very Gallic and effective." It is hardly worth while inquiring whether Eugène Sue or Frédéric Soulié was intended, but Soulié would have been right. By a most ridiculous misprint, Lord Beaconsfield is made to call M'Culloch "like Adam Smith, a bear with his books." Read *beau*. Baudrand is always misprinted Bandrand, and Mauguin Manguin. The "Fassinous Bishop of Heranopolis," on whom Chancellor Pasquier pronounces a eulogium, is Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis.

Like most letters or diaries of public men, Lord Beaconsfield's are full of examples *quantula sapientia gubernatur mundus*. Though living at the centre of intelligence, he is perpetually wrong, both in facts and in his anticipations. On April 1, 1835, he "cannot help in believing that the Tories will not go out." On April 13 he announces that Lord Melbourne's Cabinet is already formed. In July, "It will be all over with the Ministry in the course of a fortnight." They remained in office for six years. In March, 1836, "It looks as if it were all up with the Queen of Spain." She reigned until 1868. In October, "All is over with the Spanish Liberals. Gomez, at the head of an irresistible army, is marching straight to Madrid, without any idea of opposition." He certainly met with no opposition in his march on the capital, for he never made it. In February, 1840, Disraeli thought that the committal of the Sheriffs by the House of Commons "will occasion a riot," and that the House would next have to commit the Judges, "which will cause a rebellion." In July, "Bowring is ruined by my oration, and is to be employed no more. This is a fact." It is also a fact that Sir John Bowring was afterwards Consul at Canton, Superintendent of Chinese trade, and eventually Plenipotentiary to China, in which capacity he unintentionally helped Mr. Disraeli to a Parliamentary victory, which turned out one of the Cadmean or Pyrrhic order. In February, 1845, Disraeli told Lord Campbell that "we were in the third year of the Walpole Administration," which lasted twenty years. Peel resigned in the following December. After the Revolution of February, 1848, he thought it "impossible for the Rothschilds even to stand the storm. They must lose everything everywhere except here. They [the French Republicans, not the Rothschilds] will confiscate the Great Northern Railroad of France, for certain." It is remarkable that there is not a single letter for some time after the great disappointment of Disraeli's life, which turned out, however, the best thing that could have happened to him—the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to include him in his Administration of 1841.

Visitors to Monaco were jubilant all last week. Despite the fact that the proprietors of the well-patronised gaming-tables at Monte Carlo have odds in their favour, and that, therefore, in time the bank is bound to overpower the outside gamblers, it is alleged that the public won in seven days a balance of £100,000. The run of ill-luck, so sustained, was commented on in the French papers, and Parisians flocked to the tables, there being as many as six hundred people playing in the room on Saturday last. Taking into consideration that the stakes may vary from five francs to four hundred and eighty pounds, and that there are about forty passes of the cards every hour, the amount of money that changes hands must be stupendous, and the smallest possible percentage of advantage must amount to a considerable sum; therefore, the luck must, indeed, have favoured the public to enable them to win such a colossal stake.

If anything would cure gamblers, it ought to be the undisguised manner in which their fatuity is taken for granted and practised upon. Here is a Parisian hatter, called by his compatriots (or by himself) a man "of genius and invention," who advertises, for the use of "sportsmen" at Nice, Monte Carlo, and so on, "the lucky hat"—that is, hats having inscribed upon the lining of the crown the "lucky numbers" at roulette for a given time. A gambler is often as mad as a hatter; but never surely so mad as this Parisian hatter. The enterprising gentry who patronise high art in their advertisements of soap will be offering the "straight tip" for the Derby next, on an appropriately "transparent" oval or sphere of their appropriately slippery substance.

A sane man, meaning to continue sane (as far as it is possible in a mad world), would probably do well to take no heed of English pronunciation. But "dulce est desipere in loco"; everybody likes to be unwise sometimes. It may, therefore, be excusable to ask why we, being a free people, should not take the words we use of Greek origin straight from the source, instead of filtering them through the French, to their utter mispronunciation. Most English people, for instance, say "entéric, esotéric, exotéric," because French usage requires the accent to be so placed, and we meekly follow the French. Why should not we boldly say "éntéric, ésotéric, exotéric," as becomes the friends of the Hellenes, and as if we knew nothing of "exotérique" and other "middlemen"? We might as well reject "exotic," and dwell upon the last syllable. But our unreason is most noticeable in such words as "Sebastopol," where we seem to have deliberately fallen between two stools; keeping the Greek form, and yet observing the English rule of throwing back the accent. If you were to say "Sebastópol" in English society, you would alarm weak brethren; and if you were to write "Sebastópol" you might be considered liable to "40s, or a month." And yet, if you followed the analogy, both in writing and in pronunciation, of Adrianópol and Constantinópol, and fearlessly adopted Sebastópol, you would be showing more respect both for the Greek tongue and for your own than you show with your universally adopted Sebastopol, which keeps the promise of correctness to the sight, and breaks it to the pronunciation.

Critics have been disputing whether "metrical form" should be considered an essential part of poetry or not. Be that as it may, "metrical form" is undoubtedly all that saves a great deal of so-called poetry from being rank prose, and poor prose into the bargain. On the other hand, the "metrical form" is obviously not enough to make poetry. The ancients taught that "poeta nascitur, non fit," and that "ut pictura, poesis": yet "metrical form" must surely be artificial, whilst "pictura," like reading and writing, may surely "come by nature"; witness many a heaven-born "pictor." The question is too hard for most of us; we had better treat it as a difficult enigma, and "give it up." One would be inclined to think, though, that "metrical form" is to naked poetry what dress is to nude bodies: at first the mere covering which an instinctive sense of propriety suggests, and which develops gradually into the great works of art turned out by a Worth, and his fellows, until it becomes as difficult to dissociate poetry from "metrical form" as lovely woman from what she "has on."

There is not an Englishman worthy of the name who grudges the money spent on the defence of this mighty empire, so long as it is spent wisely. We want a strong Army, and, above all, a strong, an irresistible Navy. The truest economy is security; and without that all our wealth is worthless. Is England secure? We know all that was said, last year, by experts regarding the Navy; and now Lord Wolseley, who is by no means a soldier disposed to be needlessly alarmed, compares the Army to a machine, and observes that, if the men are not increased, it will soon cease working altogether. Coming from such a man, this is surely a most serious statement; and the force of it is increased when Lord Wolseley adds, "Neither armies nor navies could now be improvised by the pen of a Minister. Bad times were, sooner or later, in store for us, and disaster would some time or other overtake us, and our soldiers would be sacrificed in a hopeless struggle for which the nation had neither the wisdom, the foresight, nor sufficient self-denial to prepare." These are weighty words, and if, as we doubt not, they are true words, the duty they devolve upon statesmen is of the first importance.

It is stated that the Church Congress will meet this year at Wakefield, and that the Vicar of Wakefield will act as vice-president of committees. How strange the announcement sounds! Most of us know but one Vicar of Wakefield, who lived upwards of a century ago, and is alive at this day. But "that glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy," the immortal Dr. Primrose, is scarcely better fitted to fill a place at a Church Congress than Oliver Goldsmith himself. He was, it is true, a little fond of controversy, but chiefly as a monogamist; and his humorous simplicity, will hardly be appreciated as it deserves to be by sober-minded Churchmen and Church dignitaries. Moreover, the Doctor is so intimately associated with a number of other people that we cannot think of him apart from them. In the Vicar of Wakefield's company don't we expect to find Mrs. Primrose, Olivia and Sophia, Moses and Mr. Burchell, neighbour Flamborough and that elegant town lady, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs? Charming people, truly, with the exception of Miss Skeggs, but people who, it is to be feared, would not show to advantage at a Church Congress. There may be more wisdom and worldly sagacity at Wakefield next autumn than the old Vicar displayed, but the highest clerical virtue then exhibited will not surpass in sweetness the Christian charity of Dr. Primrose.

Mark Twain's meanest man has been outdone in this country. It will be remembered that the American humourist relates a story of a workman engaged in mining operations who accidentally sat down on a burning fuse used for blasting; when the explosion occurred, the workman was forced up in the air, higher and higher, until he was out of sight; and then he reappeared, first as a tiny speck, then bigger and bigger, until he finally arrived again on earth, and proceeded with his work. The "mean man," however, as overseer, deducted from his daily wages for the time he was absent. This Transatlantic anecdote may not be strictly true. Our mean man is a real personage; and he went one evening last week to the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; but, missing his footing in the gallery, he fell over into the pit, a distance of fifty feet. He was taken to the hospital, where he speedily recovered, and went home to bed the same evening, none the worse for his accident. Next day he called at the theatre, and got back the money he had paid for his seat.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

It was characteristic of the peculiar political circumstances of the period that, whereas the House of Lords agreed without a dissentient vote to the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech, the Commons on Tuesday night placed the Marquis of Salisbury's Ministry in a considerable minority in the division on Mr. Jesse Collings's agricultural allotments amendment. By a majority of seventy-nine, the amendment was approved, the announcement of the figures being hailed with frantic cheers by Mr. Parnell's followers. In moving that the House do adjourn till Thursday, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach did not disguise the fact that the resignation of the Government would follow this defeat. The immediate return to office of Mr. Gladstone seemed inevitable. But, in that event, the cares and anxieties of Cabinet-making on the part of the right hon. gentleman would not be lessened by the firm refusal of the Marquis of Hartington to vote for Mr. Jesse Collings's resolution, and by the noble Lord's natural hesitation to make any concession to the Irish Home-Rule party.

Reviewing the course of affairs since Lord Halsbury read the Queen's Speech, on the Twenty-first of January, in the presence of the brilliant and illustrious assemblage which never fails to fill the House of Peers when her Majesty graciously deigns to open Parliament in person, it must be acknowledged that the Lords deserved, as ever, the palm for preserving the golden mean of debate. Their Lordships met in goodly numbers on the Thursday afternoon to consider the Address. Face to face with the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Iddesleigh, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Ashbourne (Mr. Gibson), and other Ministers, were Earl Granville, the Earl of Derby, Earl Spencer, Lord Northbrook, Lord Kimberley, and the Earl of Rosebery, while the Marquis of Ripon and Lord Aberdare occupied the centre seats behind the front Opposition bench. After a pause, to exchange a few words with Lord Granville, and to receive a note from him, the Prince of Wales passed to his usual neutral place on the cross-bench, where he was joined by the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Edinburgh. Though the Princess of Wales was conspicuous by her absence from the centre of the balcony to the left of the Throne—absent through indisposition, everyone regretted to learn—her Royal Highness was represented by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, the elder of the young Princes entering into whispered conversation with the Duchess of Abercorn, who, from the gallery regarded with becoming pride the Duke of Abercorn as, bright in the scarlet uniform of Lord Lieutenant of County Donegal, his Grace rose from his seat behind Lord Salisbury, and acquitted himself most creditably of the difficult task of moving the Address in reply to her Majesty's Speech. With a clear delivery, not unlike that of the Prince of Wales, the noble Duke neatly signified approval of the various portions of the Royal Speech, indorsing with especial warmth the determination to oppose any disturbance of the "fundamental law" of the Legislative Union of Ireland and Great Britain, and landing with equal emphasis the resolve of the Government "to protect my Irish subjects in the exercise of their legal rights and the enjoyment of individual liberty." The youthful-looking Earl of Scarborough (martial in the blue uniform of the Yorkshire Yeomanry) discharged the duty of seconding the Address with similar tact. Both the noble Duke and the noble Earl thoroughly merited the praise Earl Granville and the Marquis of Salisbury bestowed upon their maiden speeches in the Upper House. It is too late, perhaps, to expect Lord Granville to take the pains to make himself generally audible, albeit Lord Salisbury invariably sets the laudable example of speaking most clearly and distinctly. But if the delivery of the amiable and sunshiny Earl be still weak, his arguments were as skilful and effective as ever; particularly adroit being his sprightly animadversions on the inconsistencies of the policy of the Government with regard to Ireland. Out of their own mouths, in fine, did his Lordship put them in the wrong. The Marquis of Salisbury first read a lesson to Greece: doubtless, to the gratification of the Turkish Ambassador in the gallery. Rising superior to such a familiar failing as lack of consistency in the treatment of Ireland, the Prime Minister resonantly, and to his own satisfaction, refuted the criticisms of Lord Granville, and with confidence boldly ascribed to Mr. Gladstone's coquetry with Home Rule the deplorable condition of affairs at present in Ireland. If recrimination were not undesirable at so serious a juncture, the noble Marquis might have been aptly reminded of his own memorable allusion at Newport to the dual legislatures of Austria and Hungary in discussing the question of local self-rule for Ireland. But the restoration of the supremacy of the law in the Sister Isle is the one necessity of the hour. The formidable evil of "Boycotting"—denounced so earnestly by Lord Salisbury—must forthwith be dealt with, whichever Party may continue in power. Earl Spencer seasonably reminded the Premier that by the aid of the late Crimes Act he had been enabled in a great measure to restore order in Ireland; and threw upon the Government of the noble Marquis the responsibility of not re-enacting the requisite clauses of that Act, as their predecessors proposed to do. Renewal of a portion of the Act seems imperative now. Little but vociferation was contributed to the debate by Lord Ashbourne; nor was light forthcoming from Lord Kimberley and Lord Cranbrook. The commendable dispatch observed by the House of Lords enabled the Peers to agree to the Address before eight o'clock. Would that the Commons were but equally studious of the virtue of brevity and of the urgent need of economising public time!

The House of Commons was overwhelmingly full the same evening, every bench and both members' galleries being over-crowded, and the balconies devoted to Peers and distinguished visitors being full also. Rising as Leader of the Opposition, after Lord Curzon had ably moved the Address, and Mr. Houldsworth had seconded it, Mr. Gladstone was husky at first, but he soon mellowed (by the aid of a draught of egg-and-sherry) when he came to the Irish difficulty; and his observations were followed by no members more closely than by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Randolph Churchill, who sat facing him on the Treasury bench. Like Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Gladstone has now to economise his voice. Like the famous tenor, the right hon. gentleman was low and sometimes, indeed, barely audible in the less important passages of his speech, but made ample amends by giving full volume to his rounded and finished periods. Thus, quite conversationally did Mr. Gladstone recite a passage from his Midlothian address to prove that he recommended only such reforms in the local government of Ireland as were compatible with the strict maintenance of the supremacy of the Crown and the integrity of the United Kingdom. But it was in his most eloquent and earnest tones, and with energetic movements of his left arm to add emphasis to his words, that Mr. Gladstone said:—

From the first my highest ambition has been, and it continues to be, not to say a single word of anyone mingling in these questions that might bring the elements of wrath and passion into play, being convinced that nothing but patience, nothing but self-restraint, nothing but the casting aside of

much prejudice and prepossession, nothing but the determined disposition to look at all sides with candour and justice, will afford the smallest hope of solving them (cheers). I wish to assure the House that since that declaration of Sept. 17 I have not said one word or done one act in extension of it (Hear, hear). What I have said and what I have done with regard to it, except as to private study—and it has been in my daily and my nightly thoughts—has been, in the first place, to show where responsibility lay. Responsibility lies where the means of action lie (cheers).

It was observed that, although Mr. Parnell maintained his habitual calm and reserve, his impulsive followers cheered Mr. Gladstone to the echo. He had evidently gained the confidence of the eighty-five adherents of the Home-Rule Leader. The Chancellor of the Exchequer did not omit to comment on this palpable *rapprochement*—rendered all the more obvious, presently, by Mr. Parnell's markedly friendly reference to the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's observations as holding out hope "that a solution will be found, so as to enable Ireland to be trusted with the right of self-government, and so as to provide and secure those guarantees regarding the integrity of the Empire, the supremacy of the Crown, and the protection of what is called the loyal minority in Ireland, which have been required by the responsible leaders of both parties in this House."

All interest in the further course of the debate in the Commons ceased, however, with the defeat of the Government. Almost a thing of the remote past seems Mr. Hunter's amendment regretting that Indian revenue should be devoted to defray the cost of the Burmese Expedition—an amendment introduced on Monday, only to be withdrawn. Similarly, Mr. Barclay's proposed interpolation on Monday in favour of securing certainty of tenure to cultivators of the soil—negatived by a majority of 28: 211 against 183—is quite eclipsed by the crucial division of Tuesday.

Deplore the fact as we may, the knell of the Government appeared to be sounded when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, early on Tuesday, gave notice that on Thursday the new Secretary for Ireland, Mr. W. H. Smith, would introduce a bill to suppress the National League and intimidation, the measure to be followed "by a bill dealing with the land question, pursuing in a more extensive sense the policy indicated by the Land Purchase Act of last Session." For his pains, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was rewarded with a volley of Parnellite groans, as an antidote to which there came loud Ministerial cheers. Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment, advocating the recognition in the Queen's Speech of the need of measures to enable Hodge to obtain allotments and small holdings, met with an uncompromising negative from Mr. Chaplin. The debate was notable for Mr. Joseph Arch's outspoken speech for the motion, supported with equal heartiness by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, but stoutly opposed by Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington. At the eleventh hour, Mr. Balfour and the Chancellor of the Exchequer avowed that the Government were in favour of granting to local authorities the power "to deal with the question of allotments." Too late! By 329 against 250 votes—a majority of 79—Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment was carried, the Irish Home-Rulers cheering most joyously. As though not sorry to be relieved of the burdens of office, Sir M. Hicks-Beach moved the adjournment, and it was understood resignation was inevitable.

THE LATE MR. JAMES FERGUSSON, F.R.S.

The death of this learned and accomplished historian of ancient architecture was recently announced. He was a native of Ayr, in Scotland, and was born in 1808. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and subsequently entered a commercial counting-house, from which he went to India, and became an active partner in a large mercantile business. His taste for the study of architectural antiquities, and his interest in Asiatic archaeology, led to an early withdrawal from trade pursuits; and he then devoted himself, for some time, to travels and researches in India, Persia, and Syria, the fruits of which have been presented in several important works. In 1845, he published "Illustrations of the Rock-Cut Temples of India," with plates of views, plans, and sections, drawn by his own hand. This was followed by "Picturesque Illustrations of Ancient Architecture in Hindostan"; and, in 1847, by an "Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem." Mr. Fergusson became a professional architect, cultivating the theory and comparative history, rather than the practice of that noble art, and of the allied arts of decoration, from which he passed to investigations of their symbolic purposes. He wrote an "Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Art," more especially with reference to architecture, designing this treatise for the introduction to a vast work, in which the characteristic original styles of various nations and ages were to have been reviewed and compared. A summary of the results of some of his studies was given in the "Handbook of Architecture," published in 1855, which is a most useful text-book of that kind of knowledge. When the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was erected, Mr. Fergusson, who had followed the course of Assyrian researches opened by Sir A. H. Layard, and had published, in 1851, a book on the palaces of Nineveh and that of Persepolis, was employed to design and superintend the construction of the Nineveh Court at the Crystal Palace, and the production of its models of Assyrian art. He bestowed much attention, in the meanwhile, on modern military engineering and fortification, anticipating, so long ago as 1849, the advantage of earthworks as defences against artillery, which view has been justified in latter times by the experience of all the great wars, especially those of the Crimea, of the American secession, and between Russia and Turkey. In 1859, Mr. Fergusson's knowledge of this subject was recognised by his appointment on the Royal Commission of Inquiry concerning the defences of the United Kingdom. He also prepared and advocated judicious suggestions for the improvement of the British Museum and the National Gallery of Art. In 1862, he produced a "History of the Modern Styles of Architecture"; and in 1865 appeared his most comprehensive literary work, in three volumes, entitled "A History of Ancient and Modern Architecture," which will not easily be superseded as a storehouse of accurate information. His more recondite speculations with regard to the symbolism of ancient religions, and the primitive conceptions from which they may have arisen, are partly indicated by an erudite treatise on "Tree and Serpent Worship," which was printed in 1868, with a hundred plates and illustrations, at the expense of the Indian Government, and of which a second edition was issued in 1873. "The Temples of the Jews and Other Buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem," published in 1878, was a valuable contribution to those inquiries which have been promoted by the Palestine Exploration Fund and the Society of Biblical Archaeology. Mr. Fergusson was created a D.C.L. by more than one University, and received, in 1871, the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, as a token of acknowledgment of his learned researches.

A resolution was passed at the Conference of the National Union of Miners declaring it to be highly desirable that an organisation of the whole mining population of the United Kingdom should be formed.

THE BURMAH EXPEDITION.

One of the illustrations forwarded to us by our Special Artist in Burmah is that of the interview between General Sir H. Prendergast and King Theebaw, in the Royal Palace at Mandalay, on Nov. 29, when Theebaw acquiesced in his deposition and his removal from the country. The special correspondent of the *Standard*, who was present at this interview, writes the following account of it:—

"On the 29th, General Norman's Brigade paraded at nine, and marched to the Palace to escort the King to the steamer Thoreah, which was to carry him to Rangoon. There was much delay, but at length the General and his Staff, whom I accompanied, were admitted. The Royal Gates, which no one but the King has ever before used, was passed through; the sacred stairs beyond were ascended; and we then wound through a long series of detached houses; we never went straight from one to another, but always round corners, and up and down stairs, and through gates. For utter irregularity of plan and structure, I should say the Mandalay Palace beats anything ever erected. The houses seemed to be either throne-rooms, supported by round gilded wooden posts, with interiors displaying a sombre splendour of gold and dull red; or mere outhouses, with stacks of arms of all sorts, and lumber. I must except from this description one or two delicate little interiors which I saw but did not enter, belonging, I believe, to the Queen. The exteriors, from a small distance, are charming in their light elegance of form, with their rich gilding, carving, and colour. The latter is frequently obtained by what I am reluctant to call sham jewellery; little irregular coloured mirrors are massed in a pattern set here and there in the heavy gilding; the effect a little way off is of gold and diamonds, emeralds and rubies. Closer, the gilding is rough, and the glass is apparent, and everything looks as scene-painting does from the wings. All above the floor is, of course, of wood; there is nowhere a second storey, for Burmese Royalty would be gravely insulted were it possible that profane feet could tread above its sacred head. The roofs are the many-eaved pyramids of Indo-China, which look clumsy and poor in pictures, but which, seen in a bright sun, against the clear sky, in their own country and in their own bright colouring, have as fine an effect, to my mind, as any of the many devices with which man has covered his houses or his temples. After the buildings came a number of small fenced-off inclosures, shaded by trees, which, but for the fact that soft soil instead of smooth lawn filled them, would have been beautiful. It was in one of these, in a little raised house, that we at last found the King and Queen, and the Queen's mother.

"The King, seated at an opening in the low platform of the house, had no particular richness in his dress, and was, as far as I remember, without jewellery. The only Royal appendage that I noticed was a huge gold spittoon, so heavy that it is said to take two men to carry it. In personal appearance he was stout, and looked heavy and unintelligent. The Queen crouched behind the King in the orthodox Court position of respect. She was eagerly whispering to the King nearly all the time. The Queen's mother, one of the wives of Theebaw's father, the only one, I suppose, who has escaped death or imprisonment, sat near her.

"We stood on the King's left, on the floor below him, our heads about level with his. To his right, the Ministers who had accompanied us lay prostrate, with lowered heads, it being a great crime even to look at the King. The conversation was not very interesting, being mainly a series of stipulations on the King's part as to his proper guard and conveyance to Rangoon. He seemed in fear of his life, mainly, as I understood, from his own people, though this is, probably, an unnecessary terror. He had already complained of their ingratitude, and seemed quite disgusted with them. His favourite servants, on whom he had lavished large sums, had run away the night before, and left him, I believe, even without food. We retired after the interview, leaving Theebaw to make his preparations for the journey."

Our Special Artist (Mr. Melton Prior) also contributes several additional sketches of places on the banks of the Irrawaddy.

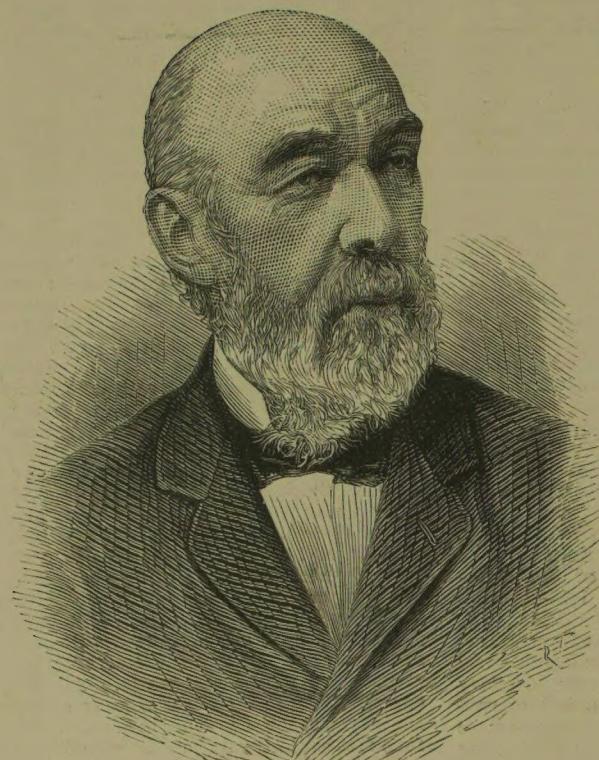
THE NEW KNIGHTS.

Sir William Hardman, the Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions, upon whom her Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood, is the only son of the late Mr. William Bridge Hardman, of Chamber Hall, Bury, Lancashire, and was born in 1828. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1850, and proceeding M.A. in due course. Sir William Hardman was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1853, and practised for many years as an equity draughtsman and conveyancer. In 1868 he was appointed to the Recordership of Kingston-on-Thames, and has been Chairman of the Surrey Sessions since 1871, having been Assistant and Deputy Chairman for some years previously. Sir W. Hardman is a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Surrey, a magistrate for the borough of Kingston-on-Thames, a member of the Court of General Assessment Sessions for the metropolis, and an inspector of the convict prison at Woking. He married, in 1855, Mary Anne, only daughter of the late Mr. James Radley, of Liverpool.

Sir W. A. F. Crichton Browne, upon whom the honour of knighthood has been conferred, was admitted a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in 1861, and he became an M.D. of the University of Edinburgh in the following year. In 1863 he was admitted a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Society, London. Some time ago he was appointed Lord Chancellor's Visitor of Lunatics, and lately he has taken an active interest in the question of over-pressure among children in schools.

Sir William Bartlett Dalby, of Savile-row, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, is eminent in a special branch of his profession, that of aural surgery, and is the author of valuable contributions to its science, the merit of which, and of his skill as a practitioner, is acknowledged by her Majesty in conferring upon him the rank of knighthood.

It would seem that the inhabitants of Liverpool determined, upon the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to their town, to show that, in spite of their devotion to commerce, they still had time to cultivate the fine arts. The menu at the luncheon was worthy of Lucullus himself, and two holders were specially made in enamel gold and silver for the copies for the Prince and Princess. The address to his Royal Highness was inclosed in a magnificent casket, which was pronounced to be a specially tasteful specimen of the silversmith's art. In addition to this, the Corporation presented the Prince with a box of Havana cigars, contained in another handsome casket; and, as a crowning act of graceful attention, the Mayor of Liverpool presented to Prince George of Wales a regulation sword, suitable for a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The sword, belt, and fittings were ornamented in gold, and were of the most artistic description. All these articles were manufactured by Elkington and Co., and are said to be in all ways worthy of the fame of the celebrated firm of silversmiths.



THE LATE MR. JAMES FERGUSSON, F.R.S.,
ARCHITECT AND ARCHAEOLOGIST.



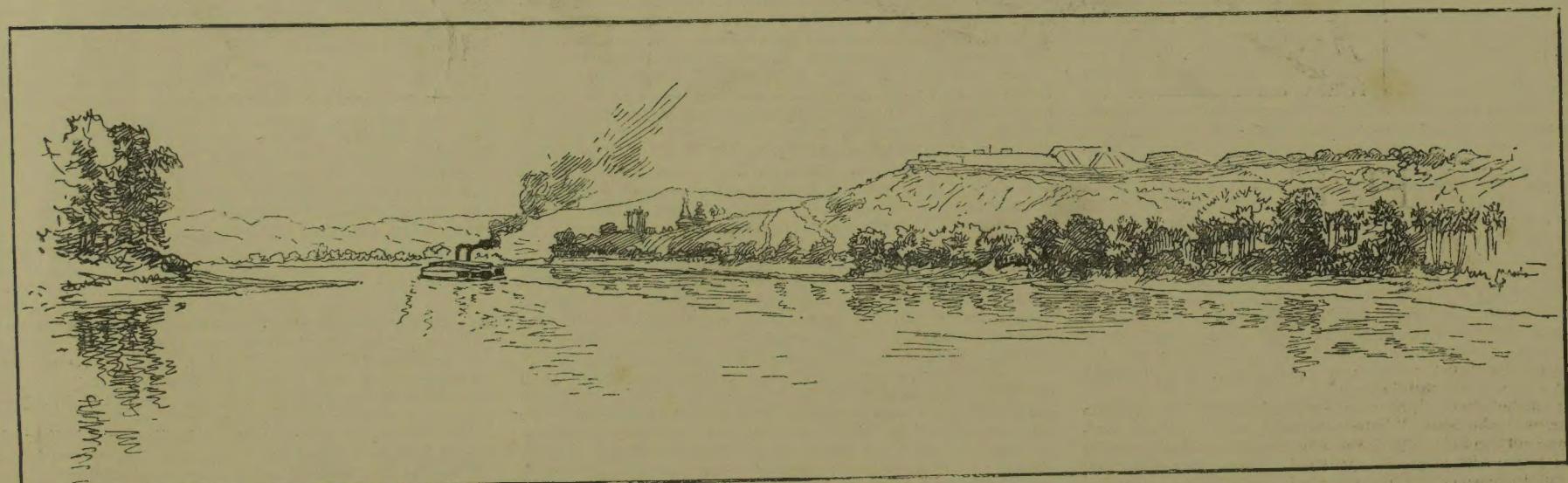
SIR W. BARTLETT DALBY, F.R.C.S.,
AURAL SURGEON.



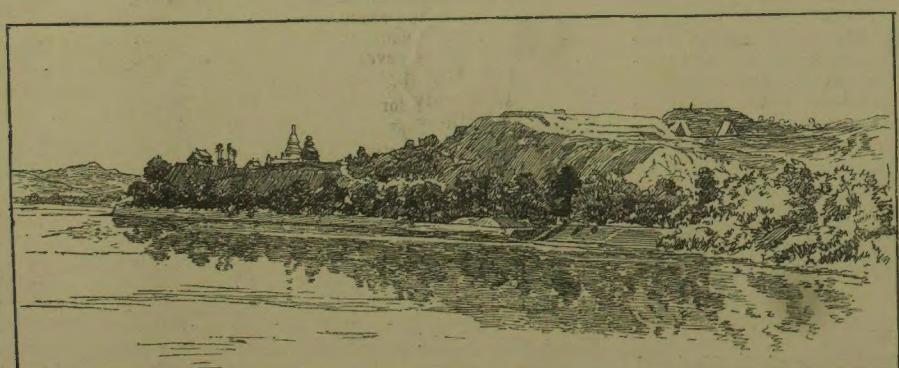
SIR W. A. F. CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D.,
VISITOR OF LUNACY.



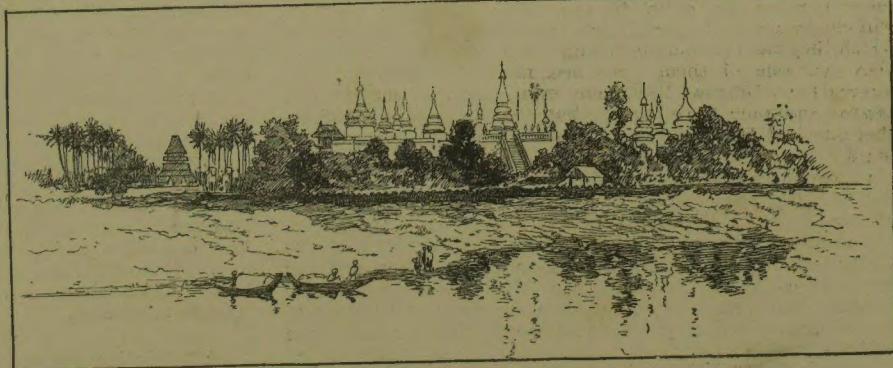
SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN,
CHAIRMAN OF THE SURREY SESSIONS.



KOLE KONE FORT, OPPOSITE MINHLA.



KOLE KONE FORT: NEAR VIEW.



MALOON, BELOW MINHLA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

She shrank into the extreme angle of the landing, in terror lest he should catch sight of her.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD" &c.

CHAPTER IX.
CONFIDENCE.

Miss Dart had just exchanged her habit, or rather Miss Melburn's, for her ordinary attire, when that young lady knocked at her door. "Mamma would like to see you, if quite convenient," she said, "before you go down-stairs." Her voice was very gentle, but it was not cordial; and it was for cordiality that the governess yearned. Her nature was anything but parasitical, it did not require anything to cling to; it could live, "suffer," and even "be strong" without sympathy, but it could not be happy without it. There are some plants the roots of which, if they find themselves in arid soil, will elongate and stretch in all directions for water, without which they cannot flourish, though they can exist. Elizabeth Dart was one of them. She had no fear of being treated unkindly at Burrow Hall, nor even with neglect (though neglect she could have borne); but she was keenly conscious that she had failed as yet in gaining the confidence of her pupil. It was this, above all things, when she had accepted her present situation, that she had made up her mind to secure; and to know that she had failed filled her with discouragement. She had had, as pupil-teacher in a large school, a considerable experience of girls, and whenever she had tried to make one of them her friend, had succeeded. With others she had not tried, not because she felt the labour would have been thrown away, for she had too strong a sense of duty to spare herself, but because her intuition informed her that the thing was impossible.

In the case of Mary Melburn she felt no such conviction, and that circumstance distressed her the more. Had the girl been cold and cross, grudging, insolent, or artificial, friendship

would have been out of the question, and there would have been nothing for it but to earn her salary by unsweetened toil, as had happened to hundreds in her position; but notwithstanding some shortcomings, or what had seemed to be such, in Mary Melburn's behaviour to her, she was convinced that she had a good disposition and all the capabilities for friendship. It was hard, therefore, that the door of mutual understanding was closed between them, and the key hidden from her or out of reach. Of Mrs. Melburn, on the other hand, she had no such good opinion. She had a suspicion that that lady, if not an hypochondriac, was not so ill as she affected to be, while she claimed all the privileges of a confirmed invalid. That this, at all events, was the opinion of others seemed certain, or surely some notice would have been taken of her condition by the male members of her family. Even their guest, to whom she was probably well known, had not given himself the trouble, as she had noticed, to inquire after her health that morning. It was, therefore, with no enviable feelings that Elizabeth Dart found herself for the second time in her employer's boudoir.

Mrs. Melburn, as before, was on the sofa, but fully attired; indeed, from her appearance, the governess judged, and indeed rightly, that she intended to present herself that evening at the dinner-table below-stairs. Her dress became her admirably, and heightened her undeniable charms; but, on the other hand, it increased the delicacy of her appearance—as virgin white and wreaths of flowers, with which reverent hands would fain decorate the youthful dead, only the more proclaim mortality. As Miss Dart looked at her, she reproached herself with having imputed the pretence of illness to one so manifestly weak and frail. There was firmness, if not vigour, however, in the calm clear tones

in which Mrs. Melburn saluted her, and immediately afterwards addressed her daughter.

"I wish, Mary, to say a few words to Miss Dart alone, or rather in Dr. Dalling's presence only."

The governess followed the direction of her eyes and perceived, as Mary withdrew, that there was still a third person in the room. A man of gigantic stature was standing in the shadow of the window-curtain, with his hands behind him, regarding her with great intentness. He inclined three feet or so of his frame as his name was mentioned, but remained silent. The afternoon light fell full upon herself and revealed every feature. She felt at once that this gentleman's opinion would presently be passed on her in a non-professional sense; that she had been sent for on approval, or what was quite as likely to prove the reverse. It was borne in upon her quick intelligence that the unfavourable judgment which her employer had already formed of her was to be confirmed, or not, according to the view which the family physician might take of her. It would be something much more serious than inconvenience if she were thus to lose her first situation, and so immediately, but this consideration in no way affected her behaviour or the course of conduct she intended to pursue; for, with all her cleverness, she was incapable of playing a part that was not her own. As she stood beside her employer's couch, with her head slightly thrown back and a quiet air of respect, that was also self-respect, in her bright, clear eyes, she might have realised, if not altogether in Wordsworthian fashion, a poet's idea of "Resolution and Independence."

"I have sent for you, Miss Dart," said the invalid, in low but very distinct tones, "in consequence of a certain change of circumstances which affects us both."

Here she paused; and the governess inclined her head with

unchanged face, but with a heavier heart. From this exordium she judged that her dismissal had been decided on, and was already picturing to herself Aunt Jane's distressful face, and the re-commencement of old troubles known only to the poor, who only ask leave to work, and yet find it so difficult to obtain permission.

"My state of health, as Dr. Dalling informs me to-day, is even less satisfactory than he had supposed it to be, and will therefore, in all probability, necessitate my going abroad at a still earlier date. My daughter's departure for Casterton will therefore be proportionately hastened; in fact, it may take place immediately, and the question is, whether you are qualified not only to fill the post of her friend and companion, but also, in some measure, to take charge of her in my place?" She paused; but as it was clear she did so from physical causes—the effort of speaking with such gravity and distinctness—the other held her peace.

"You are very young," she continued, "a circumstance with which you may justly say I was already acquainted; but from the excellent certificates"—

"Testimonials," suggested a voice from the window curtain, surprisingly soft and gentle to emanate from so huge a frame; "it is we doctors who grant certificates, and—unlike this young lady's—always of disability."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dart," resumed Mrs. Melburn, with an obvious increase of kindness in her tone. "I was about to remark that from the testimonials I had received with you, I had been led to imagine that I should find in you not only an agreeable and elevating associate for my daughter, but one somewhat more staid and judicious—not that an old head upon young shoulders is to be expected."

There was another gentle murmur from the curtain.

"Or even, as Dr. Dalling suggests, 'to be desired'; but in this respect I have been a little disappointed."

"I am very sorry," said the governess, gently, "and the more so since, not being conscious of any shortcoming in the matter you mention, I scarcely know how to guard against the repetition of my offence."

"There is no offence, Miss Dart," answered Mrs. Melburn, hastily; "things have turned out a little unfortunately, that is all—accidents will happen"—here she hesitated, it was plain that embarrassment had caused her to wander into unaccustomed platitudes.

"Of course they will," put in the friendly voice. "If accidents did not happen, what would become of the doctors? If I may say a word, Miss Dart, as a very old friend of Mrs. Melburn's, and one whom she is so good as to put some faith in as an adviser, I would venture to suggest that from no fault of your own you have not thoroughly comprehended her position. Unhappily, through illness—and—other causes, she is unable to exercise that supervision over her daughter which, as a mother, she would wish to use, and her duties in this respect will fall upon your shoulders. I need scarcely tell you, for even from the little you have seen of her you must needs have arrived at that conclusion yourself, that Miss Mary wants no 'looking after' in the conventional sense; she does not require control or even guidance; but she does stand in need of sympathy and a certain guardianship such as might be looked for in an elder sister."

"An undivided attention," observed Mrs. Melburn, with the air of a person who, having been at a loss for the right word to use upon an important occasion, has found it at last.

The governess flushed to her forehead.

"Mrs. Melburn is very far from imputing any neglect to you, Miss Dart," went on the friendly voice; "but, in the necessary absence of her mother, or, indeed, of any female friend, Miss Mary finds herself in some degree isolated; her position demands not only an adviser, but, I may say, a protector."

Mrs. Melburn nodded her head in approbation and adhesion.

"You would doubtless reply," continued the Doctor, "if circumstances permitted you to speak plainly upon so delicate a matter, that you can scarcely understand how a young lady in her father's house can be so placed; but, nevertheless, such is the case. It is plain, therefore, that your responsibility will be the greater when—as will happen almost immediately—she leaves that house. In telling you this much, I need not say, Miss Dart, that Mrs. Melburn is placing the greatest confidence in you, which she feels sure you will not abuse."

If the governess could have caught sight of her employer's face, it must needs have caused her to accept this last statement with what journalists term "some reserve"; for it was aghast with terror and dismay. Her own eyes, however, were cast upon the ground; her heart was touched by the Doctor's simple and manly appeal; she felt full of tenderness, pity, and gratitude—all quickened by a vague sense of self-reproach.

"I am deeply sensible," she replied, "Dr. Dalling, of the frankness with which, through your mouth, Mrs. Melburn has been so good as to treat me. It shall be my earnest endeavour henceforth to prove myself worthy of her confidence."

"I was certain of it from the first," observed the Doctor, laconically.

"You are always right," murmured Mrs. Melburn, unconscious that that naïve rejoinder implied a previous disagreement on the point.

Once more she addressed herself to the governess, but in a much more assured and natural tone, like one who feels that the ground is cleared of certain obstacles that might have appeared insurmountable.

"When you are at Casterton, Miss Dart, which you soon will be, you will remember, please, that my daughter is solely in your charge; and that no matter what pressure may be put upon you, you have my authority for prohibiting!"

"I would scarcely say prohibiting, Mrs. Melburn," interposed the Doctor, gently; "it suggests a necessity which surely can hardly arise."

"I wish I could feel that," answered the invalid, drily. "Let me say, then, generally, Miss Dart, that you have my authority for protecting my daughter from all attentions that may be distasteful to her."

Miss Dart bowed her head in respectful assent. She could not doubt but that the person she was thus exhorted to keep at arm's length—and further—was Mr. Winthrop. The imposition of such a task was a matter of much significance, for it was plain that, in so doing, her employer was not only placing a great responsibility in her hands, but also *herself* in her hands. She was taking it for granted that the governess would be henceforth not only her friend but her ally. So confident was she that she would not prove traitress, that she had, as it were, intrusted her with the key of the citadel. Nothing could, so far, be more flattering. On the other hand, Miss Dart could not conceal from herself that Mrs. Melburn had not had much choice in the matter. Since her departure was so immediate, it was scarcely possible for her to make other arrangements—to procure a new governess, for example. It was also clear that she had not taken so important a step without seeking the advice of another; or, indeed, what seemed quite as likely, that other might have persuaded her to take it. But for the interposition of that favouring and gentle voice, like an Eolian harp placed in the window, it even seemed possible that the interview might have had a different

ending. The main business once concluded, however, everything else went fair and free, like a ship before the wind.

"You will find my sister-in-law, Mrs. Meyrick, most kind. Her mode of life is very quiet; but her little cottage is a home," continued Mrs. Melburn, after a pause. Was it fancy, thought the governess, or did she detect a tinge of bitterness in that last sentence? Did there lurk in it an involuntary comparison between Mrs. Meyrick's humble residence and Burrow Hall? If it was so, surely this poor lady, whatever might be her faults, was to be pitied. It is not only those who shiver on our inhospitable doorsteps in the winter nights who are the homeless.

"I don't think there is anything more to be said," observed Mrs. Melburn, with a glance at her counsel.

"Certainly not," said the Doctor, decisively, and, as the governess left the room, he waved his hand to her, with a look of approbation and encouragement.

CHAPTER X.

"THE BOY."

When, an hour or so afterwards, Miss Dart descended into the drawing-room, she found the master of the house and the Major attired for dinner, and Dr. Dalling hat in hand. All three had the air of being engaged in grave conversation. She would have retired hastily, but Mr. Melburn called her back.

"We are discussing no secrets," he exclaimed, in sharp, and petulant tones; "pray come in, Miss Dart. Then you really won't stop and dine with us, Doctor?"

"Thank you, no—not to-day," was the quiet reply.

The invitation, or the repetition of it, as it struck the newcomer, was not very pressing, and the rejection of it unnecessarily positive. As the Doctor left the room, he bowed to the governess with stately courtesy, very different from his style of farewell above-stairs.

"By-the-by, I forgot you two have not been introduced to one another," said the Squire.

"Nevertheless, I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Dart before."

"Just so—I forgot. We had the first sight of her through the window, had we not?" returned Mr. Melburn, with a forced laugh.

To the governess this explanation was unintelligible, but what she well understood was that the Doctor on his part did not wish to claim further acquaintance with her; a circumstance which corroborated her suspicion that the family at Burrow Hall were divided into two parties, and that she had already been enlisted by one of them.

"I don't believe half that fellow said," observed the Squire, vehemently, as soon as the door had closed behind the Doctor.

It was an observation injudicious indeed for him to have made before an almost entire stranger; but when the master of Burrow Hall was "put out," it was not in his nature to be reticent. The Major stole a glance, half horrified, half humorous, at Miss Dart, as he replied respectfully: "At all events, Sir, you have done the right thing. It was impossible, after the expression of an opinion so decided, and coming from such a quarter, for you to have arrived at any other conclusion."

"It's all very well for you to take it so philosophically," returned the Squire, snappishly; "but supposing I was to say, 'Well, I can't go myself, but I will send Jefferson to take care of you?'"

"In that case," was the dry rejoinder, "I think it just possible, Sir, as in the case of the cheap sherry recommended for the gout, that Mrs. Melburn would reply: 'Rather than take that prescription, I prefer to remain ill, and at home.'"

At this moment, Mrs. Melburn, leaning on her daughter's arm, entered the room; the Squire stepped forward with outstretched hand as if to greet some invited guest. "Is not this rather rash, considering what the Doctor has been telling me, my dear?" he observed, in cold remonstrance.

"He gave me his permission," she answered; "and since it seems my stay at home is to be so limited, I could not resist taking advantage of it—Thank you, I feel no worse."

The last sentence was addressed to the Major, in reply to some murmured inquiry about her health, and was delivered in icy tones. As she was about to take her seat, Mr. Winthrop entered. Her presence evidently took him by surprise; he cast a hurried glance of dismay at the Major, met by an amused smile, and, dropping his glass, expressed confusedly his pleasure at seeing his hostess below-stairs.

"I had feared," he said, "from the accounts Mr. Melburn gave me, that I was not to see you during my present visit."

"As I am going away so soon, I could not bring myself to pass my evenings in separation from my daughter any more," she said.

"That is not a very complimentary remark as regards the rest of us," observed the Squire, with frowning brow.

"I think, under the circumstances, a very natural one, my dear; and as you yourself are to be the companion of my journey, you have no cause to complain of it."

"That's one for Winthrop and me, and you, Miss Dart," returned the Major, in low tones. "I know no one who can 'put in her left' more neatly than my excellent step-mother."

If Mrs. Melburn's air was not aggressive, it was indeed, for an invalid, decidedly combative; with her arm still resting on that of her daughter, she seemed to repel Mr. Winthrop's polite advances like a hen who shelters a chicken under its wing.

"Come," she said, as dinner was announced, "I must leave you gentlemen to divide Miss Dart, and exercise the privilege of an invalid by choosing my own partner."

She was on her way to the dining-room with Miss Mary before Mr. Winthrop could oppose a word of remonstrance. He bit his lip and looked exceedingly annoyed; but the Squire stepped up to him and, whispering in his ear something that smoothed his brow, linked his arm in his and led him briskly out.

There was nothing for it but for Miss Dart to take the Major's arm, which he offered in the most natural way, and without the least touch of ceremony.

"Ours is a genial family, is it not?" he said. "It is said to be very old, and I have a theory that it began in the glacial period, and has never quite got rid of that atmosphere."

"You should not speak of your family like that to me," replied the governess, severely; "it is not right."

"I am so sorry," he answered, penitently; "you scold me so often that I seem to be always forgetting myself. Yet, if you knew the temptation it is to be natural when one has found a human being who can really sympathise with one!"

"But I do not sympathise with you, when!"

"Pray do not say that," put in the Major, pleadingly; then, with a rapid change of voice, he added, "Come, there are the long glasses which mark the presence of the Boy."

The governess looked puzzled, as well she might.

"I say, Winthrop," he continued, "here's a young lady who does not know that 'the Boy' means champagne."

"Impossible!" replied that gentleman, with an air of amazement. "What do you think of that, Miss Melburn?"

"I can only say that, until this moment, I shared Miss Dart's ignorance," was the quiet reply.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Winthrop. There was

so considerable a mixture of contempt in the tone, that the Squire was nettled upon his own account.

"You town gentlemen must excuse our country simplicity," he said; "but we are not in the way of hearing London slang."

"What, Sir! Do you mean to say *you* didn't know it?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, unconscious of reproof. "Think of that, Jefferson! Thank you, no—no sherry"—to the butler—"when I see champagne, I am a one wine man. I drink it right through, after dinner and all."

The Squire groaned.

"What's the matter, Sir?" inquired Mr. Winthrop, whom the very sight of his favourite and accustomed liquor seemed to inspire with eloquence.

"I think I felt a twinge of the gout," replied his host, apologetically.

"Then taste 'the Boy'—he'll bring it out for you. Gout carries away everything."

"Thank you, I don't want it to carry *me* away," was the curt rejoinder. The host had brought up two bottles from his hoarded store, but in fervent expectation that one would suffice. Should his guest carry out his full intentions, it was obvious this expectation would not be realised if he took any champagne himself. He was by no means penurious or inhospitable, but he had been brought up in an old-fashioned school, and looked upon champagne as a luxury.

"It is as good as a play, and I see you are enjoying it," murmured the Major to his neighbour.

"I really do not know what you mean," replied Miss Dart, it must be confessed a little mendaciously; for her sense of humour had compelled her to take in and appreciate the whole situation.

"I suppose Dr. Dalling would veto your taking ever such a little glass, my dear?" observed the Squire to his wife.

"It has no temptation for me," she answered, quietly.

"Ah! that means it's not iced," exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, with an air of conviction. "I've noticed that all women—I mean ladies—like their champagne iced. That's a mistake when it's really good. Now, so far as I have gone with it—for one can seldom pronounce with certainty upon the first taste—is this very good champagne, Jefferson?"

"I rather think it is," replied the Squire, drily. "Though it is not in my opinion, a wine to go well with soup and fish."

"My dear Sir, good wine goes well with everything, only better with some things than others. Some say this should never be drunk with the sweets. That's rubbish: the French always do it, and they ought, I suppose, to know."

"I hate the French," exclaimed the Squire, parenthetically.

"So do I," continued Mr. Winthrop; "they speak such a vile language. Not so bad as German though. That reminds me, Mrs. Melburn, that you are going to Germany in a day or two." He raised his glass and looked towards her. "I hope you will have a good time."

As addressed to a person seriously if not hopelessly ill, and going abroad for her health, the aspiration was hardly an appropriate one. Mrs. Melburn, however, acknowledged it by a frigid bow.

"Miss Mary, will you do me the honour of taking a glass of champagne with me?" inquired the guest.

"She never takes champagne," put in the Squire, hastily.

"She is too much afraid of our hereditary enemy."

Mr. Winthrop stared at the speaker through his eye-glass. "That's beyond me," he said: "it sounds like something from the catechism."

"Probably the Mahomedan catechism, which forbids the juice of the grape," observed the Major. "Here's another young lady with scruples. Mrs. Melburn, pray use your influence with Miss Dart to induce her to take a little champagne."

"If you like it, I hope you will take some," said the hostess, addressing the governess with a smile.

"But she doesn't know whether she likes it or not," explained the Major; "she has never tasted such a thing in her life."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, knocking the table with his fist; "that would astonish some of our London friends, would it not, Jefferson, eh?"

"Not more than some of our London friends sometimes astonish us," observed the Major, sharply. "Do you intend to make any stay in Paris, Sir?" he inquired, turning to the Squire, "on your way to Schwanbeck?"

"I think not. We shall probably go by Brussels."

"She is not taking any!" observed Mr. Winthrop, pointing to Miss Dart's untouched wine-glass; "she has only pretended to take some."

"You have been to Schwanbeck before, have you not, Mrs. Melburn?" inquired the governess.

"Come, I say, Jefferson, keep your legs to yourself," exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, in agonised remonstrance.

The Major went on eating with imperturbable complacent face. He was saying to himself, "I have caught him on the very place I tried for—the shin."

Miss Dart rightly guessed at what had happened, and was by no means angry with the aggressor. There are certain social outrages which, like diseases, require desperate remedies—the actual cautery.

"Oh yes; I know Schwanbeck well," returned the hostess, in low tones. "It is a beautiful valley, through which a rocky river runs, and surrounded by wooded hills."

"And a precious dull place too," observed the Squire, by way of commentary.

"Yes; if it is very dull," assented the lady. It had not seemed dull to her once, when she had stayed there in comparatively good health with Mary, and with a husband not hopelessly estranged; but now she looked to revisiting it with melancholy forebodings. As "a sorrow's crown of sorrows" is remembering happier things



THE ROYAL PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 21, 1886.

be a relief to her; moreover, though she had no experience of the genus Winthrop, she understood that it was necessary to make conversation if only to keep it out of that gentleman's hands.

She accordingly addressed her hostess on the subject of the German Brunnen, a topic with which she showed herself so familiar that Major Melburn presently observed, "I suppose it was your modesty, Miss Dart, that led us to infer that your knowledge of the German tongue was acquired in England?"

"One has only to have a cold in one's head," put in the Squire, testily, "to talk like a native."

"You seem to be of the opinion, Sir, of the gentleman who said, 'He spoke all civilised languages, and also German,'" observed the Major.

These interpolations saved Miss Dart from the necessity of acknowledging that she had never set foot on foreign soil; to have done so, she felt, would have been almost a confession of deceit, for the truth was, she had the rare gift of so assimilating what she had read, that it almost placed her in the same plane with those who had seen.

"I want some more champagne," observed Mr. Winthrop, tinking his dessert-knife against his wine-glass impatiently. "You may say what you like about German—hic—I mean hock—but there's nothing like 'the Boy,' except of course"—here he cast a glance of gallantry at Miss Melburn—"the other boy, Cupid."

With a quiet bow to Miss Dart, Mrs. Melburn rose from table and the ladies trooped out of the room.

As Miss Dart preceded them through the hall, she heard a passionate murmur from Miss Melburn, and the quiet rejoinder of her mother, "I am not sorry it has happened, Mary, since your father can no longer plead ignorance of his real character."

In the drawing-room, not a word was said respecting Mr. Winthrop; though now and again conversation was involuntarily suspended when certain sounds were heard—loud laughter, the fragments of a song, and voices raised in anger—from the dining-room. All that had taken place in that apartment, though so importunate in the thoughts of each, was ignored by the tongue. Under such circumstances talk is apt to be hurried and precipitate; the first words that come to the lips are preferable to silence, as when horses are running away down hill an increase of speed, with all its attendant risks, is less dangerous than to stop. Through these otherwise untoward circumstances it came to pass that the governess found her employer easier to get on with, and less reserved than had hitherto been the case; perhaps Mrs. Melburn had noted how Miss Dart had come to her rescue on a recent occasion, and was not unconscious that she was now doing her best to smooth matters, but at all events her manner was, by comparison with what it had been, frank and almost familiar.

Happening to speak with curiosity of a book which Miss Dart had in her possession, the governess ran up to her room to procure it. On her way down, the dining-room door was flung open, and the sounds of angry altercation overflowed into the hall. She paused upon the landing, scarce knowing whether to retreat or to go on, and, unseen as she thought herself, became an involuntary listener to what was said.

"I tell you that nothing ails me, I am 'fit as a fiddle,'" remonstrated a voice, that but for the limited area of possibilities, she might have failed to identify; as it must needs be one of three, however, she recognised in the owner of those husky and recalcitrant tones Mr. Winthrop. She seemed even, somehow, to become aware that he had dropped his eye-glass, and was feebly fumbling for it.

"You do not know what is good for you," returned the Major, in half grave, half bantering tones. "As your friend and adviser, I prescribe bed."

"Never go to bed till small hours; rule I make," was the uncompromising reply. "Nothing so good for one as ladies' society after dinner, brush off the cobwebs—beeswing I mean—elevate the mind."

"You're much too elevated already, my good friend, for ladies' society."

"Not a bit of it. Like a fellow all the better for high spirits. Seen me in them before—that is, your mother has—I mean your half-mother, your step-mother, your mother-in-law."

"My sister, however, has not had that pleasure," was the dry rejoinder.

Here one of the speakers shifted his position, and Miss Dart caught sight of the Major's resolute face as he stepped between his friend and the drawing-room door. She shrank into the extreme angle of the landing, in terror lest he should catch sight of her.

Mr. Winthrop made some rejoinder, which, save for the two words "Miss Mary," did not reach her ear, and then once more came the Major's voice, this time much more severe and even menacing.

"There is also another young lady there, Sir, who is quite unused to see gentlemen forget themselves."

"Pooh, pooh, the governess! Why, you old fox"—here there was a sort of smothered snigger.

"Another word, Sir"—this in suppressed tones of intense passion—"and I will strangle you outright! To your kennel, you cur!"

There was a short struggle, a shuffle of feet upon the tiled floor as of a man pushed backward by irresistible force, and then a door closed with a crash. The hall was empty.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Felix Joseph has presented to the Nottingham Castle Museum Honorary Council, of which he is a member, a valuable collection of twenty-eight original drawings by Stothard, R.A., and Smirke, R.A.

A small but interesting collection of French and Flemish pictures is to be seen at the Goupil Galleries (116 and 117, New Bond-street). The most important work, as regards size, is Benjamin Constant's "Justice in the Harem" (15), which figured in last year's Salon. The picture is somewhat too panoramic, both in size and composition, to make it popular; but the cleverness of the work should attract attention. The Shereef of some Moorish Court in Spain has had cause to doubt the faithfulness of one of his wives, and has ordered the execution of all. The subject might have been treated far more repulsively; but, thanks to M. Constant's good taste, it may be reckoned as a fairly truthful, and certainly a picturesque, étude de mœurs. Of M. Bouguereau's various works, "Somewhat Tired" (5) is a pleasing companion to "La Leçon Difficile," exhibited here last year, and shows the artist in a graceful pastoral mood. Perhaps it may be objected that the exquisite mother-of-pearl transparency of flesh, with which M. Bouguereau endows his nymphs and martyrs, might have been modified in some cases where the damsels follow more mundane occupations. Madame Virginie Demont-Breton sends her "Sea-Dogs" (18)—old fishermen recounting their experiences; a pretty picture in parts, but generally too sombre and carelessly finished. Herr G. Kühl's "Salle du Tribunal at Lünebourg" (10); "A Lonely Road" (12), by A. Mauve (although somewhat colourless); and Joseph Israel's "Vieux Sabot" (19) deserve notice.

BIRTH.

On the 17th inst., at 52, Java-street, The Hague, the wife of Thomas Preyce, of a son.

The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ANNO DOMINI. THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉS Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other Great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

NOVELLO'S ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Conductor, Mr. MACKENZIE.

THE SPECTRE'S BRIDE. Preceeded by Dvorak's "Patriotic Hymn," and Mackenzie's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 2, at Eight o'clock.

THE SPECTRE'S BRIDE.—Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, on TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 2. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d. Tickets to be obtained at Novello, Ewer and Co.'s 1, Berners-street, W., and 50 and 81, Queen-street, E.C.; the usual Agents'; and at Austin's Ticket-offices, St. James's Hall.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST.—EVERY EVENING at a Quarter to Eight o'clock, FAUST, Mephistopheles. Mr. Irving, Mme. Mathilde Mariani, Miss Ellen Terry, Box-Office (Mr. Irving) open from Ten to Five. Seats are always to be booked at the Theatre, and for five weeks in advance; or by letter. Carriages at 10.30.

MR. IRVING begs to say, in answer to numerous letters that only a limited number of seats for the Lyceum Theatre are in the hands of Librarians. Seats can frequently be booked at the Box-office of the Theatre when not obtainable elsewhere.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. Last Weeks (for the present), EVERY EVENING at Eight, the Successful Play, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Cooper, Price, Manning, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett; Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitheroe, &c. Prices: Private Boxes, £1.1s. to 29. 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe. LAST TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES, SATURDAYS, JAN. 30 and FEB. 6, at Two. Doors open 1.30. In active preparation, THE LORD HARRY, a New and Original Romantic Play by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. RUSSELL and BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, NADIEZDA, by Maurice Barrymore. Messrs. Beerbohm Tree, Barrymore, Mackintosh, Maurice, Forbes Dawson; Misses Lydia Foote, Georgina Drew and Miss Emily Rigby. Seats can be booked daily from Ten to Five. At 7.30, ROOM 70, No fees.—HAYMARKET.

JAPAN IN LONDON.—Hyde Park. DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. THE JAPANESE VILLAGE, Rebuilt on an elaborate scale, Performances Free, at Twelve, Three, and Eight, in the new Shekaya. National and Military Bands. Admission, One Shilling. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown; after Six, 1s. Originator and Managing Director, TANAKA BUMICROSAN.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1885-6, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac, Mesdames Rose Delaunay,

Galli-Marié, Théophile-Leloir,

Frank Duvernoy, Noémie Vernon,

Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberger, &c. &c.

In JANUARY and APRIL will be performed:—

LE GRAND MOULG. LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE.

LA PETITE MARIEE. LA MASCOTTE, &c. &c.

In FEBRUARY and MARCH:—

LALLA ROUKH. LE ROI LA DIT.

YADIE. GALATHEE.

CARMEN. LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.

LE TOREADOR, &c. &c.

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A good Gun and 3000.

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BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at One Shilling, available for all journeys between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. (including Pullman Car), Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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(By order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

JANUARY 30, 1886.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—Two pence to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States of America; and Three pence to China (via Brindisi), India, and the Transvaal. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

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ABROAD.

The yearly subscription abroad, including the Christmas Number, is 36s. 4d. (on thin paper, 32s.), with the following exceptions:—

To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Phillipine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, the Transvaal, and Zanzibar, 41s. (on thin paper, 31s.).

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque, crossed the Union Bank of London; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

RECENT FIGHTING IN THE SOUDAN.

The insurrection of the Arab tribes in the Soudan, as was fully expected, has spread northward, down the Nile, since the withdrawal of the British troops from Dongola. General Sir F. Stephenson, Commander-in-Chief of the army in Egypt, has recently been engaged with part of his forces, including the Egyptian troops as well as the Cameron Highlanders, the Yorkshire and Berkshire regiments, and others of our own army, with Major-General Grenfell, second in command, Major-General Butler, and Colonel Huyshe as Brigadiers, in a campaign against the advancing enemy. At Firket, about halfway between Wady Halfa (near the Second Cataract of the Nile) and the town of Dongola, the force was assembled on Dec. 29. Above that place, in a bend of the river to the east, was Ginnis, a loopholed village which had during five weeks engaged the attention of the Camerons in Kosheh fort. At the western end were the head-quarters of the Emirs, who conducted the Arab warfare. In the intervening three miles were groups of mud houses, with palm-trees on the river bank. A village in that country extends a great distance, and has wide intervals between the houses, which are built of mud walls 2 ft thick, with a small opening, varying from 3 ft. to 5 ft. in height, and without windows. The roofs are straw mats laid upon trunks of palm-trees. The houses are divided into a number of small rooms, dependent for light on the apertures in the roof. These huts are very difficult to attack; artillery has no effect upon them beyond passing through the walls and occasionally setting fire to a roof, while no bullet will pierce the walls. A few determined riflemen in one of these houses prove very formidable opponents.

The plan of the British attack was as follows:—A portion of the second brigade, consisting of the Whately's mule battery, the Yorkshire Regiment, and Camel Corps, was to appear at daylight on the ridge above the fortified houses near Kosheh, and after that position had been shelled by our guns, the Camerons and blacks, marching along the river bank, were to take it at the point of the bayonet. General Butler's brigade was to appear on the ridges overlooking the west end of Ginnis, and engage the enemy. The rest of the second brigade was then to co-operate on Butler's right, and gradually to converge on Ginnis, clearing the groups of houses on the river bank as it advanced. This plan of operations was carried out to the letter.

At five o'clock in the morning, on Dec. 30, General Butler's brigade had already formed up and commenced a long detour in the desert, no easy matter in the dark, over rough uneven ground, with deep khors, or valleys, intercepting the ridges. A quarter of an hour behind General Butler's brigade was that of Colonel Huyshe, who moved his men over equally difficult country, but nearer to the enemy's flank. From the position of General Butler, the brunt of the fighting fell upon his brigade. The enemy, who had outposts on the hills to the north-east of Ginnis, and who were completely surprised, came running out of the houses and seized the ridges in front of Butler's brigade. From these they were gradually dislodged by the infantry, who advanced in line, but not before determined resistance had been shown, in some instances charging to the very muzzles of the rifles. Lieutenant J. F. Soltan, of the Berkshire Regiment, was one of three killed on our side. The cavalry were operating on the extreme left of the brigade, in readiness to pursue. General Butler gradually wheeled to the right, and subsequently arrived at the west end of Ginnis, where he seized the enemy's camp, two guns, and twenty banners. In the meantime, General Grenfell had directed Colonel Huyshe to take up a position to the right, and the artillery commenced shelling the loopholed village opposite Kosheh. The enemy opened fire at a long range, which was replied to by the infantry. The Cameron Highlanders and blacks advanced simultaneously along the river bank, and, after a sharp engagement, entered the houses and drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet, capturing one gun. Many of the enemy fled and were shelled from the ridge as they retreated. They streamed along the river bank to the south, and consecutive groups of houses were taken, until the second brigade arrived, shortly after the first, at the western village of Ginnis. The enemy had fled in the utmost disorder, leaving great quantities of ammunition, their banners, and all encumbrances behind them. Twenty-four Emirs were killed and wounded, including three of the principal ones and their commander-in-chief; and about six hundred men. A quantity of interesting correspondence was found, which shows that the most rigid discipline is maintained among them by the Emirs.</

Enemy's Camp.

Gen. Butler's Brigade.

Ginnis.

Zobrek-el-Kelb.

Dal Mountain.

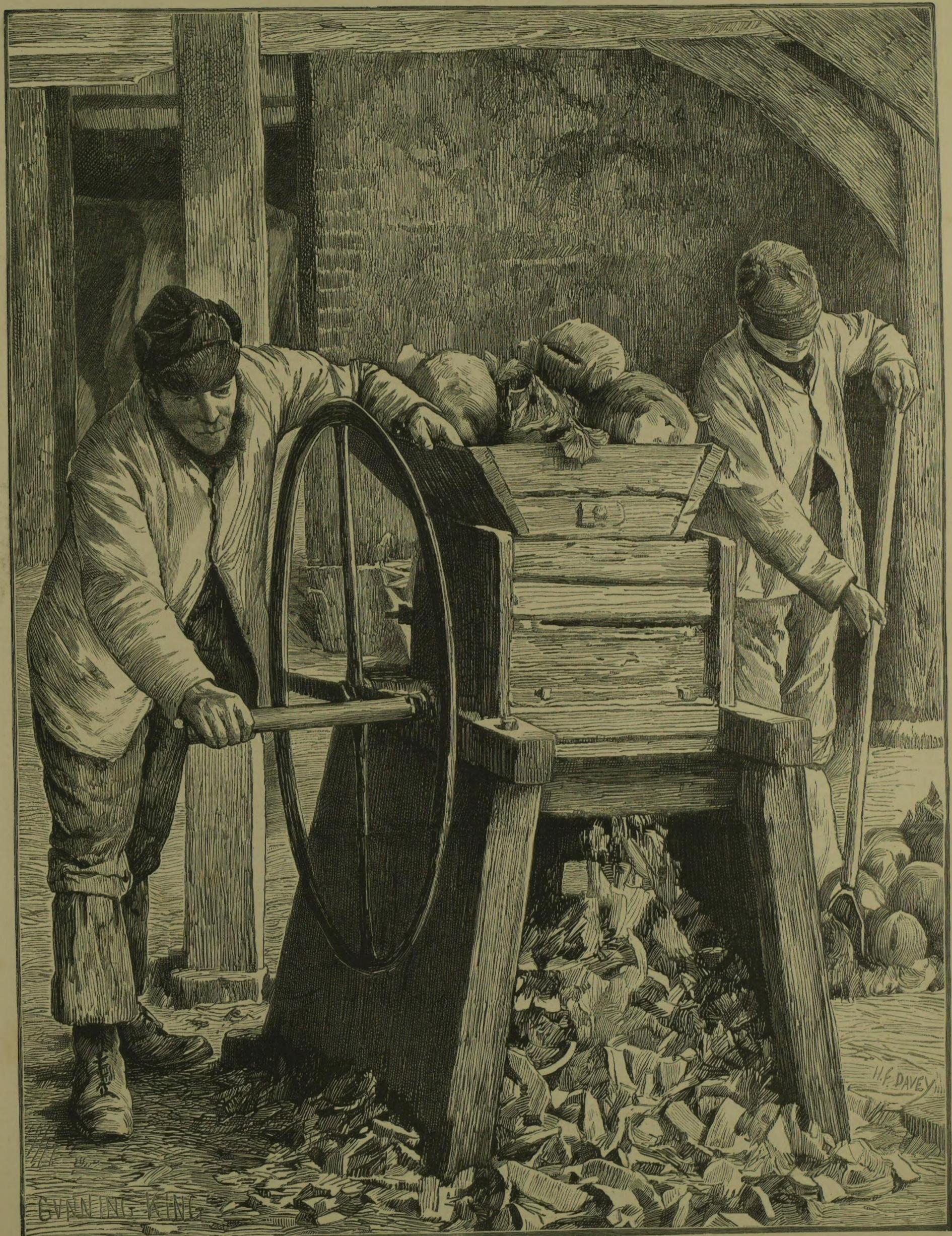
Barrow's Zereba.

Kosheh Fort.



General Sir F. Stephenson and Staff.

THE SOUDAN FRONTIER CONFLICT: THE BATTLE OF GINNIS, ON DEC. 30.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. W. ROMILLY, SCOTS GUARDS, A.D.C.



AGRICULTURAL SCENES: JANUARY—CUTTING SWEDES FOR WINTER FOOD.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 26.

The great question of the political week has been M. Henri Rochefort's proposition of a general amnesty, which comprises three parts: amnesty of political prisoners; amnesty of the Arabs condemned in connection with the insurrections of 1866, 1871, and 1880; and amnesty of all condemnations for electoral frauds. The proposition was made on Thursday, and urgency was demanded. The Government opposed the measure absolutely; but the Right, ready to seize every opportunity of voting against the Cabinet, joined with the Extreme Left, and urgency was voted by a majority of three. The Ministry very justly refused to consider this defeat as necessitating retirement; and, after the vote, many Radicals privately expressed their regret to M. De Freycinet at the result. Since, the extreme Left has met, and determined to support only the first clause of the proposition. The debate will come on in about a month's time, after the Committee has examined and reported on the matter. In reality, the amnesty question does not interest the public; very few deputies regard it as important; and, after all, it may serve merely as a helping step in the organisation of the groups of the Chamber.

The season of picture exhibitions and of great sales at the Hôtel Drouot has begun with the annual shows at the clubs of the Rue Volney and the Place Vendôme. Amongst the half-dozen important sales already announced, there is one to which I would call the attention of the enlightened curators of the South Kensington Museum: it is the sale of M. Auguste Sichel's collection of bronzes by Barye. The magnificent group of the "Centaur and Lapitha," by this sculptor, already figures at Kensington, bought, I believe, at the Universal Exhibition of 1855. But this is not enough. Then, again, Barye was, above all, the sculptor of wild beasts. His lions and tigers and panthers are marvels of imitation of living nature, full of ferocity and feline elasticity of movement. In a few admirable prefatory pages, printed with the Sichel catalogue, the eminent historian of French art, M. Edmond DeGoncourt, concludes by saying that "in the sculpture of humanity the ancients were uncontestedly superior; but the sculpture of animal forms never, at any time or in any country, attained the perfection which Antoine Louis Barye achieved in France in the nineteenth century." The specimens in the Sichel collection are all fine proofs, finished and numbered by Barye himself—proofs which enthusiasts will one day be ready to pay for as they now pay for Millets and Corots.

A new comedy by M. Gondinet, called "Un Parisien," has been produced with great success at the Comédie Française. It is a piece constructed after the old-fashioned model of Scribe, without much observation or study of character, but it is full of amusing *mots*. The leading character, Brichanteau, the Parisian in question, is represented as a passionate lover of Paris, and throughout the piece he sings the praises of his dear boulevard. In general, it may be remarked, those who love Paris most talk least about it. That witty florist and philosopher, Alphonse Karr, has said:—"A man is a Parisian, just as he is witty or healthy, without noticing the fact. The true Parisian does not love Paris, but he cannot live elsewhere. The Parisian often speaks evil of Paris, but he never leaves the city for long." M. Jondinet's *Parisien* is scarcely a representative Parisian type. With this reserve, we may accept his comedy as a success. It is even understood that this success will lead him directly to that much-desired haven of glory, the French Academy. Academic honours, it appears, are not sufficient for the happiness of that famous painter, Meissonier. The latest news and the latest joke is that the illustrious author of "La Rixe" is a candidate for the Senate, as representative of the Department of Seine-et-Oise.

The great jeune premier Bressant, died at Nemours on Saturday, at the age of seventy. During the past ten years he has been a victim of paralysis. At the Gymnase, at the Comédie Française, and at St. Petersburg, Bressant was the idol of the generation of 1840, and, in the memory of those who saw him act, he survives as the ideal of grace and elegance on the stage. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has once more been obliged to cease acting at the Porte Saint-Martin from over work.

Last Thursday some Anarchists celebrated, in the Salle Jussien, the ninety-third anniversary of the execution of Louis Capet, otherwise known as Louis XVI. of France. A unanimous vote was passed, demanding the immediate demolition of the Chapelle Expiatoire.

At a meeting of revolutionaries held last week in the Salle Rivoli, Louise Michel, who appears to have lost much of her popularity, declared her intention of leaving France. "France is dead," she said; "I will go to countries where the Socialists are combated face to face, to countries where the gibbet of the Tsar stands threatening, to countries where the revolutionaries are fighting." This statement is vague.

Prince Charles of Portugal is at present at Paris, in search of a wife, as rumour reports. Prince Charles is grand-nephew of the Princess De Joinville, and the idea is that his great-aunt might arrange a marriage between the Prince and the young Princess Amélie, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. The Prince is, for a few days, the guest of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly. Prince Nicolas of Montenegro is also on a visit at Paris for a few days. Prince Krapotkin and his wife have settled quietly in Paris. The Anarchist agitator seems determined to abandon sterile politics and devote himself entirely to literary and scientific work. He is living with the geographer Reclus. There is some talk of M. Savorgnan De Brazza being appointed Governor-General of the French State of the Congo. The Fête de l'Industrie at the Opera-House to-day, for the poor of Paris, has been brilliantly successful.

T. C.

The Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Major Heyl, arrived in Berlin on Sunday night to visit his relations in Germany before taking command of the Fleet in the Mediterranean. He was received at the station by the Crown Prince, who conducted him to his palace, where he resided during his stay there. On Monday morning his Royal Highness called on the Emperor, with whom he conversed for half an hour. Besides visits on members of the Royal family, his Royal Highness called on Sir Edward Malet and some other personages of the Diplomatic Corps, as well as on Prince Von Bismarck and Count Von Moltke. The Duke left on Wednesday for Coburg, proceeding thence to Darmstadt on his way back to England, where he will remain for a fortnight, before starting for Malta.—On Tuesday the Royal standard was flying over the Crown Prince's palace, in honour of the twenty-eighth anniversary of their Imperial Highnesses' marriage.

The Danish Folkething having rejected the financial bills of the Government, a Royal decree has been issued provisionally authorising the Government to defray current expenses.—Julius Rasmussen, a printer, nineteen years of age, who on Oct. 21 last fired two shots from a revolver at the Prime Minister, M. Estrup, was sentenced at Copenhagen, last Saturday, to fourteen years' penal servitude.

Terrific storms last week prevailed on the Pacific coast, by which San Francisco suffered some damage.

The Viceroy returned to Calcutta on the 21st inst. from Delhi. His Excellency will start for Burmah on Feb. 1.

Agricultural Scenes: January.

CUTTING SWEDES FOR WINTER FOOD.

Artistic January—all the months of the year are artists—has given us, in 1886, some very striking pictures of winter. Nothing can "stale the infinite variety" of English weather; and this present month has shown us storm and sunshine, pearly mists and gleams of light, almost as bright as those of April. But especially January has given to these islands, as indeed to all Europe and America, a great snow panorama. The olive-trees around the Italian lakes have been mantled with white, whilst in northern Scotland snow-drifts have made roads and railways impassable, and on the hill-farms whelmed shepherds and sheep in destruction. Hundreds of soldiers in the Balkan mountains were frozen to death even before January came. Nor have the wintry pictures been confined to remote places. London this month has been transformed with pantomimic picturesqueness. The snowfall in the first fortnight fell thickly, and so softly that the most delicate foliage in the London parks and gardens were feathered with the purity of an angel's wing. As to the buildings, notably the river-front of the Houses of Parliament and other architecture, were outlined with a ravishing nicety and delicacy that astonished and charmed all observers. Ships on the Thames became phantom-ships upon the phantom Arctic water. Then, as by enchantment, the scene dissolved under the loosening breath of the south-west wind—the frost, like fancy's fairy fabric, fading away. Winter pictures, however, linger longer in the country than in towns; and, in reality, a great part of January, in the open fields and rural England, has been of a snowy, frosty aspect. Hill-sides and hedge-rows refuse to give up their snow for days, and even weeks, after thaw has, on one of their sides, restored their common characteristics.

As one of the universal pictures of January, the Artist has shown us (on p. 109) one of the farmer's winter necessities—that of supplementing the green food of spring, summer, and autumn with the roots grown, and providently stored, for feeding during inclement weather. In some cases, indeed, the sheep are folded out-of-doors to run amongst and eat the turnips, where planted, when a considerable portion of the root is wasted, or partially so; but modern farm practice favours the custom of bringing cattle and sheep to the shelter of the yards, and there feeding them with prepared food. Economy is claimed for this method—through greater utilisation of the root, forage, or cake-food given, and through the maintenance of the animals in health. Root crops are greatly in favour with the majority of farmers, for the weight of food produced and the opportunity given of cleaning the land. Still, the cultivation is costly, and the new system of ensilage is believed to allow of a useful alternative, by growing heavy forage crops, which smother the growth of weeds, and furnish excellent food. Probably, the man and boy employed over the turnip-cutter in the Illustration—who from their physiognomy one may consider "tykes"—are still staunch believers in the glory of Yorkshire—the turnips; and, in truth, a "swede," in its many great varieties of "hardy," "globe," "champion," &c., is a wonderful natural product. A grain not bigger than a pin's head is cast in the soil, and lo! it increases a thousand-fold in bulk, and becomes a wealth of compact, golden, firm animal food as big as a man's head; and most of our prize animals are fed on these roots, cake, and meal. At the Royal Agricultural Show, to be held next July at Norwich, the visitor may expect to see a whole battery of turnip-cutters, root-slicers, root-pulpers, &c., of great value and mechanical ingenuity, some of which have taken seventy first prizes for special adaptation to their work; but the machine illustrated may be regarded as a working-farmer's machine, constructed for strength and use in his own parish. Nor is this against its utility, for the visitor at the next Royal Show will also see, in all probability, a much simpler root-cutter—more in use than any other round the pens of prize animals—and this is nothing more than a knife, some two feet long, with a handle at one end and a hinge at the other. Under this the herdsman places a block of wood, and the root is chopped and sliced into bits, much as the London street Arab may see being done in the grocer's shop window with a lump of sugar. Such is the primitive and efficient machine. That illustrated is much advanced; it has a hopper for the roots, a fly-wheel to multiply power, and a throat of knives through which the swede has a bad half-minute, and comes out in bits as capital food for stock, which, out of view in the picture, are awaiting their meat in due season that Providence and man provide.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Major Poë, C.B., Royal Marine Light Infantry, with Mary Adelaide, only surviving daughter of the late Sir William Compton Domville, Bart., sister of the present Baronet, was solemnised in All Saints' Church, Margaret-street, on the 21st inst. Twenty non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who had served with the bridegroom in the Camel Corps during the Nile Expedition, formed a guard of honour outside the church, and after the arrival of the bride lined the aisle. Mr. Herbert S. Neville White, R.M.L.I., was the bridegroom's best man; the bridesmaids being Miss Ricardo, Miss A. Meade, Miss E. and Miss V. Tracy, and Miss Wimington, all cousins of the bride, and Miss Cannon. The bride was conducted to the altar by her uncle, Colonel Forde, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Scott Hankinson, eldest son of Mr. Chatfield Hankinson, of Red Lodge, Hampshire, and Emma Mildred, only daughter of the Rev. Canon Prothero, Rector of Whippingham, was solemnised in the church of that village last Saturday, in the presence of the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and a number of friends. The bridesmaids were Miss Money Kyrle, Miss Daly, Miss Cooke, and the Misses Hankinson, two sisters of the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. George Prothero. At the conclusion of the service an adjournment was made to the rectory, where the registration of the marriage took place, the register being attested by her Majesty, who, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, shortly afterwards returned to Osborne. The wedding presents included several from members of the Royal family.

Mr. Samuel Brandram's admirers—and they are numerous—will be glad to learn that this eloquent lecturer intends giving a series of ten recitals on Thursday afternoons, in the Council Chamber of the Westminster Townhall, the first recital being announced for Feb. 11.

The Egyptian war medal for Souakim, 1885, has been presented to Miss R. M. Burleigh, one of the nursing sisters at the Military Hospital, Fort Pitt, Chatham, for her care of the sick and wounded during the recent campaign in Egypt; and Nursing Sisters Misses S. Browne and E. Wright, attached to the Herbert Hospital, Shooter's Hill, have both been presented with a medal for the Soudan, with clasp.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Charles Wyndham makes very few mistakes at the Criterion Theatre. He has profited by a long experience in the art of amusing the public, and his patrons are as confident that they will not be disappointed as the playgoers used to be in the days of the old Prince of Wales Theatre, when managed by the Bancrofts. At the Criterion we never see a play that has not been carefully considered or just as accurately rehearsed. Immense labour must have been expended on the "Man with Three Wives." This is no instance of slap-dash translation, or of hurrying a play on to the stage before each line, character, and situation had received the "imprimatur" of an experienced guide and counsellor. The original version of this merry farce was first produced at the Cluny Theatre, an out-of-the-way place of amusement in Paris, where they are not very particular what they do or what they say. "Le Mari à Trois Femmes" was, however, an enormous success, rivalling that of "Our Boys" or "The Private Secretary." Mr. Wyndham's eagle eye was soon down upon it; he took counsel with Mr. C. Marsham Rae, and by dint of the mysterious but extremely valuable process of "putting their heads together" they are able to congratulate one another on a genuine Criterion success. On only one point Mr. Rae should have urged his own views with energy and persistency. Mr. Charles Wyndham, as we all know, is an extremely modest man. His diffidence in his own powers of attraction is extremely commendable in our study of his nature; but, as the public does not believe in it one bit, the sooner he is disabused of the notion the better. The two leading characters in the new farce are supposed to be young men—students, artists, and good fellows. They are not the boys we now see in farces, with Eton jackets and turn-down collars; they are not Cis Farringtons, abnormally vicious lads, who persuade their old stepfathers from the paths of propriety; but merely wild, reckless, harum-scarum young fellows, who may be any age up to five-and-twenty or so. We are told that "a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels," so what should induce Charles Wyndham, the most rattling comedian on the stage, to believe that he cannot play a young man, passes all comprehension. He is younger, by far, than the "old young gentlemen" who perform light comedy with the attitude and gait of grandfathers. He is as young as he was when he came out at the Royalty—was it in 1866, Mr. Wyndham?—and soon afterwards played the lover in a play by Charles Reade, when the Queen's Theatre was opened. Of course, Mr. Wyndham can play a young man better than any young man on the stage. He is as old as he feels. He can, by sheer force of spirits, keep a play together better than any actor of his time; and the only mistake made in connection with the new play is that Mr. Wyndham is not director of the revels. Mr. Rae has done his work extremely well. The dialogue is bright and apt, the situations are pointed, the complications are bewildering, and the suggestions carefully toned down. What more does anyone want in a Criterion farce? To describe the story—even if it were possible—would be to spoil the fun. Like most involved puzzles of the kind, it fades off in interest and endeavour towards the end; but no one who sees it can complain of dulness or depression in one of the brightest and most exhilarating little theatres in London. Nearly every member of the company managed to make a success out of material generally light. Mr. Lytton Sothern and Mr. George Giddens were the two boys who confuse their uncles so wilfully as to their matrimonial projects: the one, a light, feather-brained, mercurial youth, the other, a comically-depressed boy, overwhelmed with the desperate character of the scrape to which he has rashly committed himself. The face of Mr. Giddens when he has taken an opiate in error, and is bound to be lively on his own wedding-day, is a comical study indeed. The mincing, old, over-married uncle, half philosopher and half horticulturist, could not have been better acted than by Mr. Blakeley, who has brought back to the modern stage the raciness and humour of what we are apt to call the "old school" of comedians. The strong "character" is supplied by Mr. Harry St. Maur and Miss Isabelle Evesson, a German-American and his daughter, who ably caricature, but never exaggerate. The young lady has happily caught the earnest desire for intelligence with the gushing, bouncing manner of the homely German girl, and Mr. St. Maur is an easy and thoroughly experienced comedian. Miss Rose Saker and Miss Mary Moore are happily included in the cast; and one of the most interesting features in the playing came from a novice. Miss Annie Hughes, who, with great art, expressed the affectation of a mincing and sentimental little landlady's daughter who pretends that butter will not melt in her mouth, but is far deeper than she looks. The cleverness of the performance was instantly recognised. The new farce at the Criterion is a genuine success as it stands; and when Mr. Wyndham has taken his holiday and his rest, in all probability he will take his proper place as the "Man with Three Wives."

Talking of comic acting, reminds one of the success of "Jack Sheppard" at the Gaiety, mainly due to the imitable performance of Miss E. Farren as Jack and of Mr. F. Leslie as Jonathan Wild. Miss Farren, like Mr. Wyndham, is another of the everlasting. Her "infinite variety" is as pronounced as ever, in spite of time and custom. The better the part she has to play, the stronger she attacks it. No matter whether it is a comic or topical song, a dance, or a burlesque of pure melodrama, Miss Farren never fails. She always has some surprise in store for her audience, for she enters heart and soul into her work, and is full of resource. She is as funny as the crop-haired little London scamp, as she is graceful as the smart and dashing burglar in velvet coat and jewel-hilted sword; and what a mistake it is to suppose that competition in comic art ever does harm to a comic artist! Miss Farren has seldom seemed to enjoy a part so well as Jack, because she has by her side a genuine comedian in Mr. F. Leslie. Here is an actor who discards the old tricks of burlesque, and invents fun of his own. The competition, instead of doing harm, results in good. Both artists are on their mettle; consequently the scene between Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie in "Jack Sheppard" will delight every audience that witnesses it. The polyglot song in which both share is admirable in every way; indeed, there appear to be opportunities in the play where both these popular players could work up their scenes to advantage.

Before the week is out Mrs. Langtry, who is once more the attraction at the Prince's Theatre, will have produced Mr. Coghlan's new drama, "Enemies," aided by a capital company. In all probability, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's amusing play "Engaged" will soon be revived at the Haymarket, with Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in the leading characters; and they are busy rehearsing at the St. James's a new version of "Antoinette Rigaud," recently brought out at the Théâtre Français with so very marked success. Beyond the production of Mr. B. C. Stephenson's version of the German "Probefeule" at the Haymarket matinée, with Miss Helen Barry and Mr. Beerbohm Tree in leading characters, nothing of any very great importance is announced until "Lord Harry," by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. H. A. Jones, is ready, at the Princess's, about the middle of February.

C. S.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MERSEY TUNNEL.

A great and useful work, the railway tunnel under the Mersey, connecting Birkenhead with Liverpool, which was described and illustrated by us at the commencement of the undertaking, has been completed. It was opened last week by the Prince of Wales, who was on a visit, with his two sons, to the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall, Chester. On Wednesday, his Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Feodore Gleichen, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, Countess Spencer, the Countess of Leicester, Viscount Weymouth, Lady Chesham, Lord Arthur Grosvenor, Lord Alwyne Compton, and Mr. Cecil Raikes, M.P., left Chester for Birkenhead, arriving at noon, and passing from the Great Western on to the Mersey Railway at the Union-street Junction. The train, which consisted of five saloon-carriages, drawn by an engine bearing the name of the Earl of Chester, steamed through the Green-lane Station, where the Royal party was cheered by several hundreds of spectators. At the Central Station the train stopped, and his Royal Highness alighted; military honours were rendered to him by a guard composed of members of the 1st Cheshire Engineer Volunteers and the 1st Cheshire Rifle Volunteers. A dais had been prepared on the platform, to which his Royal Highness was conducted by Mr. Raikes, chairman of the Mersey Railway Company, Mr. E. P. Bouverie, vice-chairman, Mr. Knight, secretary, Major Isaac, and other officers of the company. A reception committee from Birkenhead, with the Mayor, Mr. J. Laird, was present; a stage in the rear accommodated hundreds of visitors. The secretary read an address from the company, offering the Prince a cordial welcome, and expressing gratitude to his Royal Highness for coming to inaugurate an undertaking which would rival the most celebrated engineering achievements of this century. The address, which was handsomely illuminated, having been handed to the Prince by Mr. Cecil Raikes, his Royal Highness replied, commanding the work, and congratulating its promoters, expressing also his regret that the Princess of Wales was prevented by the state of her health from being present. Several directors and officials of the Mersey Railway Company were presented to his Royal Highness. The Recorder of Birkenhead, in the name of the Corporation, offered the Prince a welcome to their town. His Royal Highness, in reply, said that this work, affording an improved communication between two such towns as Birkenhead and Liverpool, with easy access to Wales, a country of so much picturesque beauty and interest, would be of great advantage, and he was much gratified by seeing it completed. The Mayor's daughter presented a bouquet of flowers to the Duchess of Westminster. The Royal party re-entered the train, which left for Hamilton-street Station. At this point the train first loses daylight; for, though the tunnel proper does not actually begin there, the company have been obliged to arch the cutting. Here the Royal party left the train for a few minutes in order to examine the fans and machinery for ventilating the tunnel. Upon their return the train entered the tunnel, and its passage was made in four minutes. It was well lighted throughout, and free from any unpleasant odours, but the smoke and steam from the engine were distinctly perceptible. On arriving at the James-street terminus, on the Liverpool side of the tunnel, the Royal party were received with cheers by crowds on the platform. They were conducted to one of the hydraulic lifts, in which they were speedily raised to the upper level. The station was tastefully decorated. The Mayor, Mr. David Radcliffe, accompanied by Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P., the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Countess of Lathom, and others, were in waiting to receive the Prince. He, stepping on the dais, said, in clear, sonorous tones, "Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, I declare the Mersey Railway now open." There was a great shout of applause, taken up by the crowds in the street, and repeated again and again. Amidst the strains of martial music, the Royal party entered the carriages provided for them, and, escorted by a troop of the 4th Dragoon Guards—many of the men wearing the Egyptian medals—drove to the Townhall by way of Castle-street. The route was lined by thousands of spectators, whose loyal and enthusiastic welcome was gracefully acknowledged by the Prince and his sons. Having been conducted to the Council Chamber, the Prince was presented with another address, in which his Royal Highness was welcomed by the Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation and citizens of Liverpool, and was assured that his visits to that city were always the cause of the utmost gratification to all classes of the community. To this his Royal Highness replied as he had done at Birkenhead; after which the Royal party went up-stairs and lunched in the ball-room, where a numerous gathering of citizens was assembled. After luncheon came the customary speech-making. In graceful and loyal terms the Mayor, who presided, proposed the toast of "The Queen," followed by that of "The Prince of Wales," who, on rising, was greeted with the most cordial cheering. His Royal Highness made a short, hearty speech, again referring to the benefits which Liverpool and the neighbouring districts would get from the Mersey Tunnel, and naming those engaged in it, Major Isaac, Mr. Brunlees, and Mr. Fox, the engineers, and Mr. Waddell, the contractor, as well as Mr. Cecil Raikes, the chairman, who responded to a toast, "Prosperity to the Mersey Railway," proposed by the Prince. The next and last toast, "The health of the Mayor of Liverpool," was also proposed by his Royal Highness, and he noticed the recent act of benevolence done by the Mayor, in giving Christmas dinners, "hot-pots" as they are called in Lancashire, to a large number of poor families in the town. The Mayor returned thanks for this compliment, and the Prince, with his sons, took leave of the company, starting from Liverpool by the four o'clock train. The streets of Liverpool, Castle-street especially, were beautifully decorated for this holiday, which ended with a banquet at the Adelphi Hotel, and a grand ball at St. George's Hall. Messrs. Deries and Sons, of Hounds-ditch, London, supplied the decorations and lighting apparatus of the railway tunnel.

The examination for the open mathematical scholarships at Corpus and New Colleges, Oxford University, has resulted in favour of the following:—At New College, Robert Copp Fowler, from Winchester College; at Corpus Christi, James Frederick Young, of Swansea Grammar School and St. John's College, Cambridge. Each scholarship is of the annual value of £80, and is tenable during residence and good conduct for five years.

At the examinations of the Incorporated Law Society for 1885, Mr. A. S. Jecks, LL.B., won the scholarship founded by the late Mr. John Scott, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, as being the candidate best acquainted with the theory, principles, and practice of law, and has also been awarded the gold medal founded by the late Mr. F. Broderip for having shown himself best acquainted with the law of real property and the practice of conveyancing.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace on Thursday week, after having opened Parliament. The Duchess of Edinburgh and children visited the Queen in the afternoon. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany, left the palace for Claremont. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Christian Victor, visited her Majesty. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg honoured the St. James's Theatre with their presence in the evening. The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge dined with the Queen. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Buckingham Palace at half-past ten o'clock next morning for Osborne. Her Majesty drove to the Victoria Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, escorted by a detachment of the Household Cavalry, and proceeded by a special train on the South-Western Railway, via Clapham Junction, to Gosport. The Royal party arrived at Osborne in the afternoon at two o'clock, having crossed over from Gosport in her Majesty's yacht Alberta (Captain Fullerton). On Saturday the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, honoured the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Prothero with their presence at the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mildred Prothero, with Mr. Hankinson, at Whippingham church. Her Majesty signed the register. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiating. Her Majesty went out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Prince Henry of Battenberg went out shooting. Lord Elphinstone arrived at Osborne, on his return from Lisbon, where he represented her Majesty at the funeral service of the late King Ferdinand of Portugal, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. V. Kennet Barrington arrived at Osborne in the evening, on his return from Bulgaria, where he was employed as a member of the Council and Commissioner of the National Aid Society for the Sick and Wounded, and had the honour of being presented to her Majesty, and joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room, after dinner. On Tuesday morning her Majesty went out, attended by the Hon. Horatio Stopford.

The Prince of Wales and his sons returned to Eaton Hall yesterday week to resume their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. The Duke had telegraphed to the railway authorities his wish that the Royal train should stop at Waverton station, which is nearer to the Hall than Chester. Accordingly, the Royal party drove across the country from Waverton. The change of programme caused great disappointment in Chester. On Saturday the Prince was prevented by the frost from having a run with the Cheshire hounds, but the Prince, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, joined a shooting party at Eaton Hall, and enjoyed excellent sport. On Sunday afternoon their Royal Highnesses attended the service in Chester Cathedral. Having brought their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster to a close, the Prince and his two sons visited Chester on Monday, and were presented with an address from the Mayor and Corporation. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards returned to London. The Prince went to the House of Lords on Tuesday afternoon. The Princess went out for a drive. Her Royal Highness had driven out only once before since her arrival from Sandringham, when she visited her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The Prince, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George of Wales, and suite witnessed the performance of "La Doctoresse" at the Royal in the evening. The Prince and Princess will remain at Marlborough House until the second week in February, when they will return to Sandringham.

Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, the eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, having finished his studies at Wellington College, left Windsor last Saturday morning for Oxford, where he will graduate previous to entering the Army, which he has, it is understood, selected as his future profession.

Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I., has been appointed by her Majesty Secretary of State for War.

Lord Harrowby will henceforth hold both the office of Lord Privy Seal and that of Lord President of the Council, which Lord Cranbrook has vacated.

Lord Idesleigh has selected Mr. D. Morris, F.G.S., director of the public gardens, Jamaica, for the appointment of Assistant Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew.

Admiral Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, G.C.B., has been appointed her Majesty's First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp, vice Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key, G.C.B., retired.

Mr. John Struthers, M.A., of the University of Glasgow, and B.A. of Worcester College, Oxford, has been appointed one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

Mr. Charles Hall, Q.C., M.P., has been chosen president of the Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely Agricultural Society for the present year.

The Queen has approved of Mr. Arthur M'Murrogh Kavanagh, of Boris House, Carlow, being sworn of her Majesty's Privy Council for Ireland.

Mr. William Paterson, of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed County Court Judge of the Taunton district, in succession to Serjeant Petersdoff, who has resigned the post.

Mr. W. H. A. Wharton has accepted the Mastership of the Cleveland Hunt for next season, on a guaranteed subscription of £500 per annum. At the annual meeting of the Essex Hunt, held at Harlow on Tuesday, a letter resigning the mastership was read from Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, M.P. This was accepted, and Mr. L. Arkwright was elected in his stead, and a subscription of £2600 guaranteed for the next season.

The Earl of Carnarvon gave his last official dinner at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, last Saturday evening. The Under-Secretary, the Commander of the Forces (Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar), a number of the Judges, the Inspector-General of Constabulary, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and a large number of Castle officials were present. On the same day the Countess distributed the prizes awarded by Lord and Lady Brabazon to the tenants of the Artisans' Dwellings Company at Dublin. His Excellency, replying to a vote of thanks, said it was the last opportunity he would have of speaking on Irish soil. Lord Spencer and himself had always taken the deepest interest in the working classes. He had seen a great deal of poverty in Ireland; and would always carry with him many pleasant memories of good work achieved and being achieved. On Monday the retiring Viceroy of Ireland held his first and last levee in Dublin Castle. Before the general circle was admitted, Lord Carnarvon conferred the honour of knighthood upon Andrew Searle Hart, D.D., Vice-Provost of Trinity College, and Robert T. Ball, LL.D., Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

OBITUARY.

SIR R. A. O. DALYELL, BART.

Sir Robert Alexander Osborne Dalyell, eighth Baronet, M.A., of The Binns, county Linlithgow, J.P. and D.L., Barrister-at-Law, died on the 19th inst. He was born in 1821, the eldest son of Sir William Cunningham Cavendish Dalyell, seventh Baronet, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Anthony Teixiera Sampayo, of Peterborough House, Middlesex; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1841; was called to the Bar in 1849; and from 1857 to 1858 was employed as Acting Agent and Consul-General at Bucharest, as Acting Consul-General at Belgrade, and as British Commissioner at Constantinople for the affairs of the dedicated monasteries. He succeeded his father Feb. 16, 1865. The baronetcy was conferred in 1865 on Sir Thomas Dalyell, son of the famous Cavalier Commander Major-General Thomas Dalyell, of The Binns, and, as the original patent was with limitation to the heirs of entail succeeding to the estate of The Binns, it is difficult to say who is the present inheritor of the dignity. Sir Robert was never married.

SIR WALTER W. BURRELL, BART.

Sir Walter Wyndham Burrell, fifth Baronet, died on the 24th inst. He was born Oct. 26, 1814, the third son of Sir Charles Merrick Burrell, third Baronet, by Frances, his wife, sister of the first Lord Leconfield. He was called to the Bar in 1840; unsuccessfully contested East Sussex in 1865; and sat in Parliament for New Shoreham from 1876 to 1885. In 1871 he served as High Sheriff for Sussex. Sir Walter married, June 10, 1847, Dorothea, daughter of the Rev. John A. Jones, Rector of Burly-on-the-Hill, Rutlandshire, and leaves two surviving sons and four daughters. Of the former, the elder, now Sir Charles Raymond Burrell, sixth Baronet, was born March 29, 1848, and married, in 1872, Etheldreda Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Loder, M.P., by whom he has issue.

GENERAL SIR J. T. GRANT.

General Sir John Thornton Grant, K.C.B., Hon. Colonel 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers, died on the 15th inst., aged about seventy-five. He was the eldest son of Captain William Charles Grant, of the 92nd Highlanders, who fell at Waterloo. He entered the Army in 1828, and attained the rank of General in 1880. His services included the war in China and the Crimean Campaign. In the latter, he was in the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and at the fall of Sebastopol. After Inkerman, he succeeded to the command of the 49th Regiment. The decoration of C.B., the Legion of Honour, the Medjidieh were consequently given him, together with the Sardinian and Turkish medals. From 1861 to 1866 he commanded the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, and from 1869 to 1874 the Poona Division of the Bombay Army. In 1879 he was made Colonel of the 91st Regiment, and in 1881 was promoted K.C.B. He married, in 1860, Mary, daughter of Captain Thomas Blair, son of Sir Robert Blair, K.C.B.

SIR W. S. R. NORCOTT.

General Sir William Sherbrooke Ramsay Norcott, K.C.B., Colonel Commandant Rifle Brigade, died on the 23rd inst., in his eighty-second year. This gallant officer, so highly distinguished at the Battle of the Alma as to merit very honourable mention in Lord Raglan's despatch, entered the Army in 1822, and at the outbreak of the Crimean War had attained the rank of Major. He became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1851, Colonel in 1855, Major-General in 1868, Lieutenant-General in 1877, and General in 1879. In 1855 the decoration of C.B. was conferred on him, and in 1877 that of K.C.B. He had a medal with four clasps, was officer of the Legion of Honour, and had the Order of the Medjidieh. He was A.D.C. to the Queen from 1855 to 1868, and Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey from 1873 to 1878. Sir William, who was son of Major-General Sir Amos G. R. Norcott, G.C.H., C.B., married, in 1848, Frances Marianne, daughter of Mr. George Duran, of Tong Castle, Shropshire, and leaves issue.

ARCHBISHOP ERRINGTON.

The most Rev. George Errington, D.D., R.C. Archbishop of Trebizond, died at Prior Park, Bath, on the 19th inst. This distinguished and estimable divine was born in 1804, second son of Mr. Thomas Errington, of Clint, county of York, by Katherine, his wife, daughter of Mr. Walter Dowdall, of Dublin, and was, consequently, uncle of Sir George Errington, Bart., of Lackham Manor, Wilts.

MR. JOSEPH HOARE.

Mr. Joseph Hoare, of Child's Hill House, Hampstead, Middlesex, J.P. and D.L., and of Cromer, Norfolk, died on the 21st inst. in his seventy-second year. He was born in 1814, the fourth son of Mr. Samuel Hoare, of London, banker, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Gurney, of Earham, Norwich. He received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1859 was returned to Parliament by the borough of Hull. He married, in 1847, Rachel Juliana, second daughter of Mr. Charles Barclay, M.P., of Bury Hill.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Louisa, Dowager Countess of Rothes, widow of George William Evelyn, Earl of Rothes, and daughter of Colonel Anderson Morshead, R.E., recently, at Leslie House, Fifeshire.

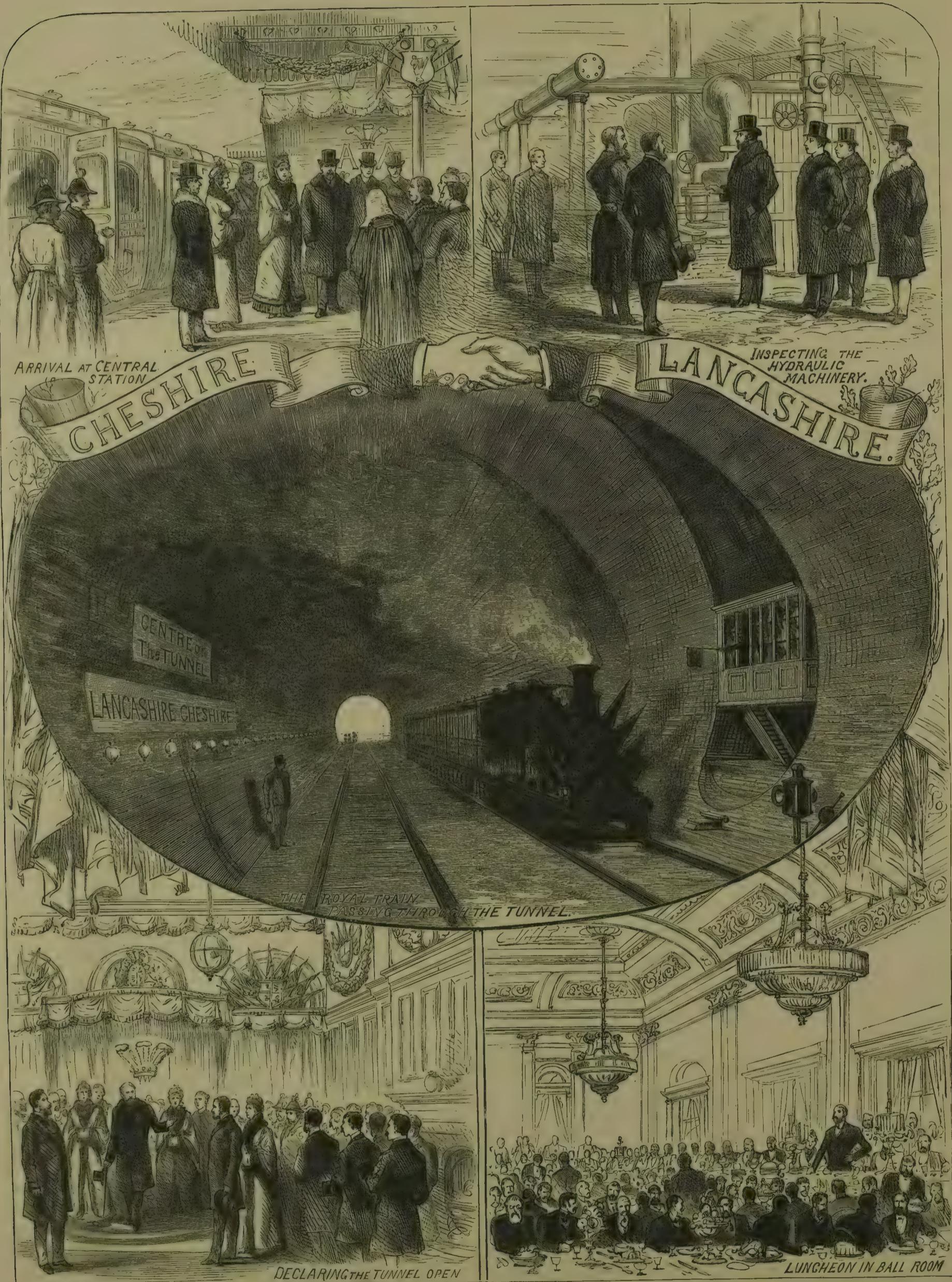
Lady Barnard (Isabella Letitia), widow of Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, K.C.B., and daughter of Brigadier-General James Catlin Craufurd, on the 17th inst., at Hampton Court Palace, aged eighty.

Lady Caroline Maxse, second daughter of Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley, on the 20th inst. Her Ladyship was born in 1803; married, 1829, Mr. James Maxse; and was left a widow in 1864. She had, with other issue, a son, Sir Henry FitzHardinge Berkeley Maxse, who died in 1883.

Mr. Robert Thomas Carew, of Ballinamona Park, in the county of Waterford, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1866, on the 20th inst., in his seventy-seventh year. He was the representative of a leading branch of the noble family of Carew of Castleborough, in the county of Wexford: was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Clayton Browne-Clayton, of Adlington Hall, Lancashire, and Carrigbyrne, in the county of Wexford.

It was decided, at a meeting held at Willis's Rooms on the 21st inst., under the presidency of Sir Ashby Eden, to raise a memorial in honour of the late Sir Arthur P'hayre. The form of the memorial will be left to the discretion of a representative committee.







THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. F. SOLTAU,
1st Battalion Berkshire Regiment, killed in the Sudan.



Our Mess Quarters at the Zaffara Palace.

A MERRY XMAS & a very happy new
year to you all J. F. S.



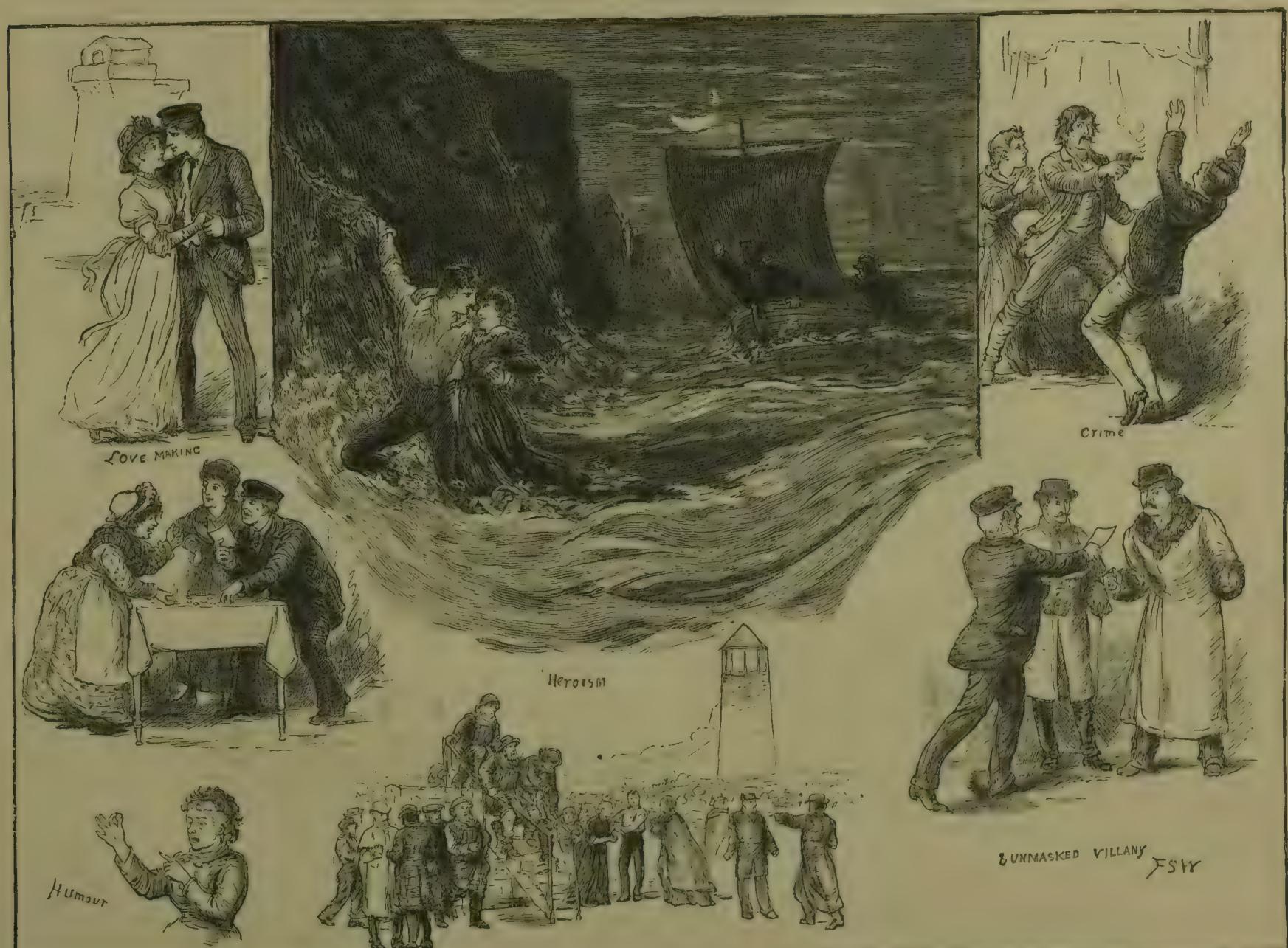
Our Mess Hut at Halfa, looking on to the River.



A Sudan Scorpion.

One of our Spies, an Amara Chief.

THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. F. SOLTAU.



"THE HARBOUR LIGHTS," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 27.

The expected reduction in the Bank rate has been made, and the Bank of England standard is now 3 per cent. So generally had this change been anticipated that but little further decline in the open market rates followed, but now there is greatly increased depression, and 1½ is the actual rate. With the view of meeting this continued disproportion to the official standard, the Banks agreed to reduce the interest allowed for deposits not to 2 per cent, which is the usual allowance when the Bank rate is 3 per cent, but to 1½. The discount houses accepted this lead, and give 1½ for deposits withdrawable without notice, and 1¼ with notice. The Bank of England accounts have not only improved, but gold is on the way from several quarters, and during February and March the Government balances increase rapidly in connection with the Revenue payments. But as there is no present prospect of the rate being further reduced, it seems that in working under 2 per cent the market is not acting with the restraint suggested by the well-known fact that until the close of the fiscal year the tendency will be for money to flow into the Bank of England. The answer would probably be that the business of the day has to be done on the conditions existing each day, and that it is not now possible to submit to the control of even the probable early future.

In spite of some instances of a contrary character, the general course of Stock Exchange business continues to bear out the expectations with which the year was looked forward to. Consols have lost some ground, in sympathy with the disturbed state of Parliamentary affairs; and some foreign Government securities are held back by the fear that if Mr. Gladstone should return to office foreign complications would revive. But many of the best stocks still steadily improve. The inclement weather in both Europe and America has been against railway securities, temporary speculators being much affected by current traffic experience. Nearly all British railway stocks have declined, but Great Eastern and Metropolitan have been exceptionally firm, the latter upon the admissions made by Sir Edward Watkin at the half-yearly meeting as to the completion of his extension plans and the closing of the capital account. Mr. William Abbott and his friends can scarcely be said to have failed in their agitation, for, though in a minority, they have obtained substantial and beneficial results. In American railways there have been movements both ways, according to individual conditions, but Canadian have almost uniformly advanced, not excepting Grand Trunk stocks, the effect of a bad traffic statement being in this case outset by speculative purchases. An important reduction has taken place in the value of East and West India Dock stock, but the most recent experience is to sound recovery.

Several Australasian bank and credit companies have made known their dividends within the last few days. They are all equal to previous experience. The Commercial Bank of Sydney is to pay 25 per cent per annum; the Union Bank of Australia, 16; the Australian Joint-Stock Bank, 12½; the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, 10; the National Mortgage and Agency of New Zealand, 10; and the Mercantile Bank of Sydney, 9.

In common with other land and cattle companies carrying on operations in Australia, the Peel River Land and Mineral Company, Limited, have felt the effects of the drought and the fall in the value of wool, in diminished profits, and the dividend for the year to June last is 3 per cent only, compared with 4½ for the previous year.

By clerical error, it was last week said that the International Bank of London had reduced its dividend to 5 per cent, and at the same time had taken £21,000 from the reserve fund. It is the International Financial Society that has announced these results. The International Bank of London report is not yet published.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway dividend is to be 3½ per cent per annum, as compared with 4½, which is the largest decline yet experienced. The London and South-Western rate is 6½ against 6¾. In contrast to this, the Illinois Central dividend is maintained at 8.

A dividend of 20 per cent per annum is announced by the London and County Bank, which is the same as for the two previous half-years, and is in confirmation of the expectation that a mixed metropolitan and provincial experience has been more profitable than purely metropolitan business.

The result of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's business in 1865 is a dividend of 1½ per cent, as compared with 3½ for 1864. On the other hand, the Cuba Submarine Telegraph rate is made up to 8½, and compares with 8 for 1864.

The Bank of Egypt is doing better. The dividend, which for 1864 declined from 9 to 6 per cent, is now 8½. T. S.

"THE HARBOUR LIGHTS."

A remarkably bright and exciting melodrama, smacking of the salt sea, and boasting a brace of the prettiest lasses that Jack ever returned to "England, Home, and Beauty" to greet, "The Harbour Lights" reflect great constructive skill and invention on the part of those Siamese twins of the dramatic art. Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt. Some of the personages and situations in this lively play, which nightly delights a large audience at the Adelphi, are delineated in the Illustration. Than Mr. William Terriss (who commenced life as a sailor) "The Harbour Lights," or the sweet eyes of Dora Vane (Miss Millward), could hardly shine on a handsomer hero. As Lieutenant Kingsley, Mr. Terriss leaps ashore with sailor-like fervour to clasp his sweetheart to his breast; appears in the nick of time at the "Old Hall" to save his betrothed from the villainous Squire, who meets his Nemesis in Mark Helstone, the admirer of a lass Squire Morland has led astray. Accused of the murder by the designing knave Nicholas Morland, Lieutenant Kingsley obtains leave from the Captain of H.M.S. Britannic, rushes ashore on his wedding-day to prove his innocence, and is the means of rescuing the unfortunate Lina Nelson by lowering himself down a cliff, as illustrated. Of the personages portrayed, Miss Millward and Miss Mary Rorke are so good, as Dora Vane and Lina Nelson, as to be worthy Mr. Terriss's gallant knight-errantry; Mr. J. D. Beveridge realises the character of Nicholas Morland, and Mr. Percy Lyndal that of the Squire; while Mrs. H. Leigh, Mr. Maclean, Mrs. John Carter, Miss Clara Jecks, and Mr. E. W. Garden supply the requisite humour of this excellent piece, the beautiful scenery of which is by Mr. Bruce Smith and Mr. W. Perkins.

The Earl of Aberdeen on Monday evening unveiled, in the Corporation Galleries, Glasgow, a bust of the late General Gordon. Tuesday was the anniversary of his death.

In our article last week on the Movers and Seconders of the Address in Parliament, there was an error in a few copies. The Address in the House of Lords was moved, with felicity, by the Earl of Scarborough, who succeeded to the title in December, 1864.

MUSIC.

The anniversary of the birth of Burns was celebrated, musically, with great success at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening (by anticipation), and duly, at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday evening. On the earlier occasion, a selection of popular Scotch music was effectively rendered by Mesdames Patey and A. Ross, Miss Fusselle, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. J. Dalgetty Henderson, Mr. W. Clifford, and the London Select Choir, directed by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The performances of Monday evening comprised pieces of a similar character, effectively rendered by Mesdames Antoinette Sterling and A. Ross, Miss M. Davies, Miss P. Winter, Mr. G. Cox, and Signor Foli. Mr. Cox sang, with much effect, in lieu of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was prevented by illness from appearing. The band and pipers of the Scots Guards, Mr. W. Carter at the pianoforte, and Mr. E. Bending at the organ, contributed instrumental performances.

The afternoon Popular Concert of last Saturday included the reappearance of Mr. Max Pauer, who played, with special success, Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in A, Op. 101, besides the principal parts in Brahms' quartet in G minor, and Chopin's duet Polonoise, with Herr Hausmann as violoncellist. Madame Norman-Néruda was the leading violinist in Mozart's string quintet in E flat, and in the pianoforte quartet of Brahms. Vocal pieces were rendered with fine effect by Mr. E. Lloyd, well accompanied by Mr. C. H. Ould. At the evening concert, on Monday, Brahms' Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 38, was finely rendered (for the first time here) by Miss Fanny Davies and Herr Hausmann. The work is elaborately written for both instruments, each of the three divisions comprising some effective music, with occasional elaboration. Miss Davies played, with fine mechanism and style, a selection from Scarlatti's harpsichord pieces, and Mr. H. Piercy gained great applause for his delivery of Handel's song, "Would you gain the tender creature?" and the tenor romance from Weber's "Euryanthe." The string quartets (led by Madame Néruda) were by Spohr and Haydn. Mr. Sidney Naylor was the accompanist.

Mr. Hermann Franke began a new series of his interesting chamber music concerts at Prince's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the performances opened with Schubert's string quintet in C, well played by MM. Ludwig, Collins, Stehling, Whitehouse, and Hann. The concert introduced Herr Franke's vocal quartet, consisting of Miss B. Hamlin, Miss L. Little, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Fischer, by whom the first set of Brahms's "Liebes-Lieder Walzer," and Schumann's "Spanisches Liederspiel" were sung with good effect, their voices blending well, and their performances proving that much care has been bestowed in preparation. Miss Amy Hare manifested exceptional merits as a pianist by her refined execution of a ballade of Chopin. The young lady and Mr. Frantzen acted as accompanists. The next concert takes place on Feb. 23.

The fourth London Ballad Concert of the year took place at St. James's Hall this week, with a programme of the usual attractive and varied character.

Next week's music will include (on Tuesday) the fourth of the series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at which Dvorák's dramatic cantata "The Spectre's Bride" will be performed, with two of the same solo vocalists—Madame Albani and Mr. Santley—as in the successful production of the cantata at the Birmingham Festival, in August last. The tenor on that occasion was the late Mr. Mass, who was announced for next week's performance, when Mr. E. Lloyd will replace the estimable gentleman, whose death is so widely lamented.

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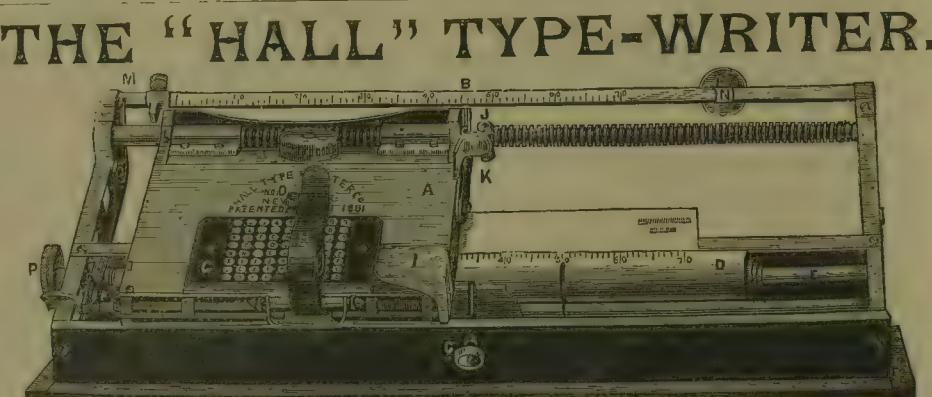
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The Opening of Parliament.

Her Majesty the Queen, in her own person, opened the new Parliament on Thursday of last week, and heard the Royal Speech read to the assembled members of the two Houses. It was the eleventh Parliament of her reign, and this was an occasion of historical interest, as the new House of Commons has been elected upon an electoral system which, both in the uniformity of franchise and in the distribution of constituencies, differs from that hitherto established. The position, also, of the two great rival parties, the peculiar situation of the Government, and the presence of a large majority of Irish representatives claiming to advocate a change in the relations between the Imperial Parliament and the government of that country, seemed to enhance the political importance of this Constitutional solemnity. The Queen herself may have felt this; and she was ready, at some personal inconvenience—coming from Osborne for the purpose, in very disagreeable January weather—to grace and dignify with her presence on the Throne a Meeting of Parliament which is likely to be memorable in the annals of the United Kingdom.

THE PROCESSION.

The Royal Procession from Buckingham Palace to the Palace of Westminster—one of the rare occasional pageants of the metropolis which exhibit the pomp and state of the British Monarchy with its old-fashioned paraphernalia—was beheld, of course, by many thousands of Londoners, crowding every part of the streets where they were allowed to stand. The festive aspect of the scene out of doors was marred by the weather; the streets had been cleared of snow and mire, but a sad effect was seen in the decorations of the route from the Horse Guards to the western end of Parliament-street, where the inhabitants of almost every house had striven to put forth some token of loyalty and welcome. Much care and considerable taste had been bestowed on the work. In draping the balconies, there was a concerted uniformity of colour and arrangement, the hangings being of crimson relieved by cords and tassels of yellow. Especial pains had been bestowed on the frontage of the Whitehall Club at the corner of Cannon-row; festoons of flags spanned the roadway before the Government offices; other strings of flags were stretched from lamp to lamp; the lamp-posts themselves were decorated with small shields displaying the arms of the City of London and of the City and Liberty of Westminster. Decorations of a similar character had been placed in front of the houses in Bridge-street, those of St. Stephen's Club being specially conspicuous, but their effect was spoilt by the damp and the drizzling sleet.

It was a quarter to two when her Majesty actually started from Buckingham Palace. The main gates of the Palace were thrown open, and the procession emerged, heralded by the advanced guard of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), who formed the escort. Following them rode Colonel Pearson, and then succeeded six carriages with postillions and grooms, the first five drawn by six bay horses and the sixth by six blacks. These conveyed the high officers of the household. In rear of each carriage walked two policemen. Then came more of the escort and the Queen's footmen and marshalmen in state liveries, and a body of Yeomen of the Guard walking in front of the Queen's state carriage drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, with manes dressed in purple silk. Her Majesty, who wore a small crown on her head, and was robed in ermine, occupied the back seat; opposite to her were seated Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes). The cheering which greeted the procession was redoubled as the Queen's carriage came out of the gates, and was continued as it passed along the Mall. In Whitehall there was a good assemblage of people, who gave her Majesty a most cordial reception. Along Parliament-street to Old Palace-yard, cheering was kept up with great enthusiasm, the Westminster boys especially distinguishing themselves. The entrance to the House of Lords was reached at ten minutes after two; and as the silken ensign on the Victoria Tower was loosened to the breeze, the first gun of the Royal salute was fired from the park, and the bells from St. Margaret's Church clanged forth a welcome. When the Royal party alighted, they entered the House of Lords, where the Queen was received by Lord Aveland, the Marquis of Salisbury, and other high officials. Preceding her Majesty's procession came the equipage of the Prince of Wales, and those of the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the various Ambassadors.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The interior of the House of Lords displayed a magnificent spectacle, with the scarlet and ermine robes of the Peers, the variety of drawing-room dresses and feather plumes worn by the ladies, the uniforms of foreign Ambassadors and others, the robes of the Judges and Bishops. The Peeresses of the United Kingdom, of whom there are only seven, had seats specially reserved for them on the third bench below the gangway on the Opposition benches, to the left of the Throne; and Peeresses who are such by marriage were also placed on the second, third, and fourth benches on that side of the House. Daughters and other relatives of Peers were seated on the back benches, to the right of the Woolsack, and the benches generally occupied by the Bishops were appropriated to the members of the Diplomatic Body. The Peeresses' Galleries were also occupied by ladies, and here, too, accommodation was provided for distinguished strangers having no official status. The Strangers' Gallery was entirely filled with ladies, some of whom, too, even found their way into the small gallery which is generally devoted to the exclusive use of members of the House of Commons. Special seats also were set apart for the eldest sons of Peers, for Irish and Scotch Peers who are not members of the House of Lords, and for the eldest daughters of Peers, and in these not a seat remained unoccupied. For ladies, full dress was, by command of the Queen, an essential condition of admittance.

The Lord Chancellor took his seat upon the Woolsack shortly before one o'clock. The next incident was the arrival of the Prince of Wales and his two sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Duke of Teck, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Princess of Wales was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from being present. The Queen's sons wore the robes of Peers, Prince Albert Victor wore the uniform of a Yeomanry officer, Prince George that of the Naval service, and the other Princes the uniforms of corps to which they are attached. Prayers were read at ten minutes past one by the junior Bishop who is a member of the House, Dr. Riddings, Bishop of Southwell. After this service, an interval of over three-quarters of an hour was passed in conversation, awaiting the arrival of the Queen.

ENTRANCE OF THE QUEEN.

Precisely at two o'clock a flourish of trumpets announced that the Queen had arrived. The hum of conversation was immediately hushed. The Prince of Wales took his place in front of the chair, which is his by right as Heir Apparent;

the officers of State and Gentlemen-in-Waiting passed to the positions allotted to them. A brief interval elapsed, and then, at ten minutes past two, everyone present rose, as the entry of the heralds, in gorgeous liveries, indicated that her Majesty had left the Robing-Room. The pursuivants and heralds were followed by the Gentleman Ushers and the Groom-in-Waiting, the Comptroller (Lord A. Hill) and the Treasurer (Viscount Folkestone) of the Household, the Keeper of the Privy Purse (Sir H. Ponsonby), Norroy King of Arms, Clarenceux King of Arms, Black Rod (Sir J. Drummond), Garter King of Arms (Sir A. Woods), the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal), and the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain (Lord Aveland). Then came the Marquis of Salisbury, bearing the Sword of State, the Marquis of Winchester, with the Cap of Maintenance, and the Duke of Portland, who carried the Crown on a crimson velvet cushion. Her Majesty walked immediately after, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes) and one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber; and next followed the Lord Steward (Lord Mount Edgcumbe), a Lord in Waiting, four Pages of Honour, the Master of the Horse (the Earl of Bradford), the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard (Lord Barrington), Gold Stick in Waiting, the Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen at Arms (Lord Coventry), Silver Stick in Waiting, and the Field Officer of Brigade in Waiting. The Queen wore a dress of black, trimmed with ermine, and a coronet necklace of magnificent diamonds, and her train was borne by Mr. H. D. Erskine (Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons), in his capacity of Groom-in-Waiting. Princess Beatrice was attired in a splendid dress of crimson velvet, and also wore diamonds. The robes of state, a sumptuous apparel of purple and gold, were laid across the Throne, the back of which was further adorned with a mantle of delicate pink silk. Her Majesty was received at the steps by the Prince of Wales and handed to her seat, the whole assembly standing meanwhile.

ARRIVAL OF THE COMMONS.

As soon as her Majesty was seated upon the Throne, Black Rod was dispatched to summon the Commons to the bar of the House, in order to hear the Royal Message to Parliament, and during the few minutes which elapsed before the arrival of the Speaker and the members of the Lower Chamber, the Queen surveyed the assembly with evident interest and gratification, turning more than once to speak to Princess Beatrice, who stood close at her right hand. On her right also stood the Lord Chancellor, bearing the Great Seal, and near him was the Prince of Wales. The chair on the left, which has never been filled since the death of the Prince Consort, remained vacant, but her Majesty was supported on this side by the Prime Minister and the Lord Privy Seal (the Earl of Harrowby). Behind Princess Beatrice were Prince Albert Victor, who wore a Hussar uniform, Prince George of Wales, and the Mistress of the Robes. The Marquis of Salisbury, as Prime Minister, stood on the steps of the Throne to the left, having opposite to him the Lord Chancellor, who was to read the Royal Message. When the Queen had taken her seat on the Throne, she indicated by a motion of the head that it was her wish that the assembly should resume their seats. Complete silence then ensued while the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was executing the duty of summoning the House Commons to attend her Majesty in the Upper House. They approached, with the Speaker at their head, entering the lower end of the House of Lords.

The Speaker, in a state gown richly embroidered with gold lace, having advanced to the bar of the House, the members clustering around and behind him, the Lord Chancellor, after receiving a sign from the Queen, read her Majesty's gracious Speech, which, having referred to the satisfactory arrangement of the Russo-Afghan frontier, the Roumelian question, the annexation of Burmah, and other foreign affairs, made the following important declaration with respect to Ireland and home affairs:—

I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since I last addressed you, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the Legislative Union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be heartily supported by my Parliament and my people.

The social no less than the material condition of that country engages my anxious attention. Although there has been during the last year no marked increase of serious crime, there is in many places a concerted resistance to the enforcement of legal obligations; and I regret that the practice of organised intimidation continues to exist. I have caused every exertion to be used for the detection and punishment of these crimes; and no effort will be spared on the part of my Government to protect my Irish subjects in the exercise of their legal rights and the enjoyment of individual liberty. If, as my information leads me to apprehend, the existing provisions of the law should prove to be inadequate to cope with these growing evils, I look with confidence to your willingness to invest my Government with all necessary powers.

Bills will be submitted to you for transferring to representative Councils in the counties of Great Britain local business which is now transacted by the Courts of Quarter Sessions and other authorities. A measure for the reform of county government in Ireland is also in preparation. These measures will involve the consideration of the present incidence of local burdens.

A bill for facilitating the sale of glebe lands, in a manner adapted to the wants of the rural population, will also be submitted to you; as also bills for removing the difficulties which prevent the easy and cheap transfer of land; for mitigating the distressed condition of the poorer classes in the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland; for the more effectual prevention of accidents in mines; for extending the powers of the Railway Commission in respect to the regulation of rates; and for the codification of the criminal law.

I trust that results beneficial to the cause of education may issue from a Royal Commission, which I have appointed to inquire into the working of the Education Acts.

The prompt and effective dispatch of the important business which, in an ever-growing proportion, falls to you to transact, will, I doubt not, occupy your attention.

In these and in all other matters pertaining to your high functions, I earnestly commend you to the keeping and guidance of Almighty God.

The Speech having been read, her Majesty bowed to the Lords and gentlemen before her, and having beckoned Prince Albert Victor, took her Royal grandson's hand while she descended the steps of the Throne. The Queen, accompanied by the members of her family and the great officers of the State, then left the House. The Peers, Peeresses, and other distinguished persons who had witnessed the ceremony gradually dispersed.

George Eliot said that writing notes was the *crux* of her life; and full of interest as her letters are, they seem throughout to have been written with an effort. We have been struck by this more forcibly on glancing over them a second time. The third volume of the new edition of *George Eliot's Life, as Related in her Letters and Journals*, arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross (Blackwood), like its forerunners, is noticeable for the consummate tact of the biographer, and for the weight of its contents. This life of a great thinker and novelist is a book to ponder over and to take up frequently; but the letters, of which it chiefly consists, have not the spontaneity and brightness which make the letters of certain writers so charming. The gift that delights us in Walpole, Swift, and Cowper, in Southey and in Byron, was not possessed by George Eliot. We see in her letters many of the writer's fine qualities as a woman and a thinker, but, like another great female novelist, her hand loses much of its cunning in correspondence. Such women, however, as Jane Austen and George Eliot can well afford to be destitute of one accomplishment.

NOVELS.

Surely a great success may be said to have already been achieved in the case of *At The Red Glove*: by Katharine S. Macquoid (Ward and Downey), which has grown to the size and dignity of three volumes after a fashion which recalls the growth of a grain of mustard-seed till it becomes an overshadowing tree. First, it appears, the germ of the story filled but a few pages in *Temple Bar*, and was much praised by the critics for its dramatic treatment; then it was turned "into a little comedy, which was several times privately acted" (and, no doubt, enthusiastically applauded); a while, and it was enlarged for *Harper's Magazine*, and met with great acceptance among Transatlantic readers; lastly, it is offered, in the form of three volumes, to the remote Britons, among whom it is pretty sure to be received with a similar warm welcome by all readers whose minds and tastes are akin to those of the aforesaid critics, audience, and Transatlantic appreciators. It is a simple story, without much romance or plot; homely in sentiment, tone, and style; not above the comprehension of the meanest capacity; calculated to enlist the sympathies of plain folk, who can enter into the ordinary life of the lower middle class, and for whom Berne and its bear-pit still preserve their pristine interest. How a fair, light-haired shop-girl, without a penny in the world, employed at a house bearing the sign of "The Red Glove," succeeds, without effort or intention, in "cutting out" a dark-haired beauty, the hostess of a flourishing hotel, who "walks in silk attire and siller has to spen"; and how the good-natured, fine-hearted champion and jilted lover of the former pleads her cause with the latter, and gets his ears soundly boxed for his pains, that is the gist of the whole matter. Now, the dark-haired beauty had allowed herself to be sold in her youth, by her mother, to be the wife of a man of means, for whom she did not care a straw, with whom she leads some years of dreary life, and who leaves her a widow at the age of twenty-eight, just when she has learned to know and to hunger after that love which is said to make the world go round, and just when the man who seems to be (but certainly is not) her "affinity" is about to be introduced by destiny to the scene upon which she is bound to encounter him. If it were not for a broad hint thrown out at the conclusion of the novel, it might be thought that the writer intended to read a severe moral lesson to lovely beings who marry for a maintenance; but it is hinted that the rich, or comparatively rich, widow is consoled, at last, by the apparition of a second "affinity" more amenable than the first to reason and to the charms of a queenly brunette. It is a pity that nothing more is made of the gentle blood, of the aristocratic descent, of which the brunette can boast, and of which the reader is led at the beginning to anticipate that something tremendous must come in due time.

A very sweet character is that of the heroine who gives the title to *Griselda*: by the author of "The Garden of Eden" (F. V. White and Co.), and who is born under circumstances which might seem to be premonitory of an extraordinary career. She is born on Christmas Eve, in a barn, where her mother, the delicate but energetic and dutiful wife of a strong and equally energetic and dutiful parson, has been forced to take refuge on returning from a visit paid to a sick parishioner during a terrible snowstorm. There the poor lady is found by the persons who have sallied forth to seek for her; and there, whilst her anxious husband stands waiting at the door, she, under an adventitious nurse's auspices, brings into the world her only daughter. Such a place is not a very comfortable or convenient lying-in hospital; but, nevertheless, it is thought best that the mother shall remain there, and be tended in a rough-and-ready manner until she is in a somewhat more favourable condition for moving. The result of this determination, however, is that the poor lady becomes a chronic invalid, and, after a few years of physical helplessness, sinks into a premature grave, leaving to her little barn-born daughter a heritage of loveliness, divine disposition, and dreamy fancy, nurtured to a considerable extent on fairy-tales. Hence, some very pretty scenes, in which the little Griselda is the chief figure. She grows in years and in grace, and in due time she has her lovers, among whom is a young gentleman far above her in station and means. On him, from the first, she bestows her affections with a placid, earnest, steadfast, unchangeable decision, which is one of her main characteristics. Meanwhile, the loss of her mother has had a most regrettable effect upon her father, who seems to have been almost driven thereby to lose his former unquestioning trust in God, and in an evil hour publishes a sceptical work, or sceptical works, and gets into debt and trouble, especially into trouble with his Bishop. Griselda, however, is married to the man of her choice, and what comes of her marriage may be learned from the last of the three volumes. She, of course, saw the good and noble qualities for which he receives credit from the novelist and from his other friends; the reader will probably think that, save on his first appearance upon the scene, they have to be taken too much on trust. The parson is an excellent conception; unfortunately, he develops into a creature very difficult to manage. The commencement of the story exhibits freshness and novelty; the conclusion is remarkable for less pleasing qualities: an air of hurry, a lack of definite intention, a want of firm grip, is suggested from time to time.

There are some very good scenes and some sprightly dialogue in the three volumes entitled *What Is a Girl to Do?* by H. Sutherland Edwards (Chapman and Hall), a novel which is also distinguished by a somewhat ingenious plot, though at some sacrifice, perhaps, of reason and probability. The title might lead one to suppose that some new line of life has occurred to the author for the benefit of girls, and that he devotes three volumes to the exposition of his theory; but that is not the case. The heroine of the novel, who has advantages of personal beauty, talent, introductions, and so on, sufficient to secure to nearly any young lady a tolerably comfortable existence, and who evidently has courage and strength of mind enough to hold her own against nearly all comers, might even have settled down at a very early stage of her "unprotected" condition as the wife of an admirable gentleman, whom she likes very well (which is as much as can be expected in most cases), and who can offer her both moderate wealth and a good position, to say nothing of his own noble disposition, and of the true love he feels for her; and therefore she cannot be taken as a type of the class we have in our mind's eye when we ask, "What is a girl to do?" The heroine prefers to try her hand (as she does, with great promise of success), both at home and abroad (which gives the author an opportunity of showing his well-known experience of "foreign affairs," as well as of our English world, especially the musical and theatrical parts of it), at various vocations open to a highly educated, well connected girl, not without influential friends, and with natural and acquired gifts, as an instrumental and vocal performer; and, afterwards, she takes to the nowadays fashionable occupation of nursing wounded heroes on the field of battle or in the adjacent hospital. In this last capacity, perhaps, she discovers an answer to the question, "What is a girl to do?" Whether she does or not, it is for readers to find out for themselves.



MR. ARTHUR PEASE—WHITBY, YORKSHIRE.
Born 1837, fourth son of the late Mr. Joseph Pease, of Darlington; educated at Grove House School, Tottenham; was Mayor of Darlington in 1873; was M.P. for Whitby in last Parliament.



MR. W. H. FISHER—FULHAM.
Born 1853, son of Rev. F. Fisher, Rector of Downham, Isle of Ely, grandson of Mr. Hayes, senior conveyancing counsel in Chancery; was educated at Haileybury and University College, Oxford, and practises at the Bar.



MR. LEWIS ISAACS—WALWORTH.

Born 1830, at Manchester; educated at Royal Lancashire Grammar School, and at University College, London; surveyor to Holborn Board of Works; architect of the Northumberland Avenue Hotel and Holborn Townhall.



HON. BERNARD COLERIDGE—SHEFFIELD.
Eldest son of Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England; born 1851; educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Oxford; called to the Bar 1877; junior counsel to the Post Office; married daughter of Bishop of Oxford.



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DR. B. W. FOSTER—CHESTER.
Born at Cambridge, 1840; is Fellow of Royal College of Physicians, President of Council of British Medical Association, Professor of Medicine in Queen's College Birmingham; Town Councillor; magistrate Warwickshire.



DR. R. MACDONALD—ROSS AND CROMARTY.
Son of a Skye crofter; born 1840; educated at Free Church Normal School, Glasgow, and at Glasgow University; studied medicine at Edinburgh, and took degree of M.D.; law student at Inner Temple.



MR. W. G. AINSLIE—NORTH LANCASHIRE.
Born in India, 1832, son of late Mr. Montague Ainslie; educated at Sedbergh School, Yorkshire; is senior partner of the firm Harrison, Ainslie, and Co., Ulverston; and Chairman of the Lonsdale Iron and Steel Company.



MR. W. F. LAWRENCE—LIVERPOOL.
Born at Liverpool, 1844, son of late Rev. C. W. Lawrence; educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; called to the Bar 1871; resides at Cowesfield House, Salisbury; a magistrate for Wilts.



LORD GRIMSTON—ST. ALBANS, HERTS.
Hon. James Walter Grimston, Viscount Grimston, eldest son of Earl of Verulam, was born in 1852; educated at Harrow; and has served in the 1st Life Guards; married widow of late Mr. Aeneas Mackintosh.



MR. P. J. O'BRIEN—NORTH TIPPERARY.
One of the eighty-six "Nationalist" or Parnellite members; he polled 4789 votes, the number of registered electors being 7500; the opposing candidate, Mr. H. Eustace, of Gormanstown, had 252 votes.



MR. E. H. LLEWELLYN—NORTH SOMERSET.
Mr. Evan H. Llewellyn, born 1847, fourth son of Mr. I. Llewellyn, Buckland Filleigh, North Devon; is a Deputy Lieutenant of Somersetshire, and Chairman of the Axbridge Board of Guardians.



MR. A. J. WILLIAMS—SOUTH GLAMORGAN.
Mr. Arthur J. Williams, born 1836, a son of Dr. J. M. Williams, of Bridgend; married daughter of late Mr. R. C. Crawshay, of Cyfarthfa; was hon. secretary to Legal Education Association and Law Amendment Society.



MR. G. PIT LEWIS, Q.C.—BARNSTAPLE, DEVON.
Born 1845, son of Rev. G. T. Lewis, Chaplain of Devon County Lunatic Asylum, Exminster; articled to his uncle, Mr. John Daw, solicitor, Exeter; called to the Bar, 1870; recently made a Queen's Counsel.



MR. R. S. BLAINE—BATH.

Is a son of the late Mr. Benjamin Blaine, of Hull; resides at Bath; was Mayor of Bath in 1872, and is a magistrate for that city; is married to daughter of Sir T. Vansittart Stonhouse.



MR. P. VANDERBYL—PORTSMOUTH.
Born 1827, Cape Colony, son of Hon. P. V. Vanderbyl; educated at Edinburgh University; was President of Edinburgh Royal Medical Society; was Lecturer at Middlesex Hospital; is now Australian merchant and banker.



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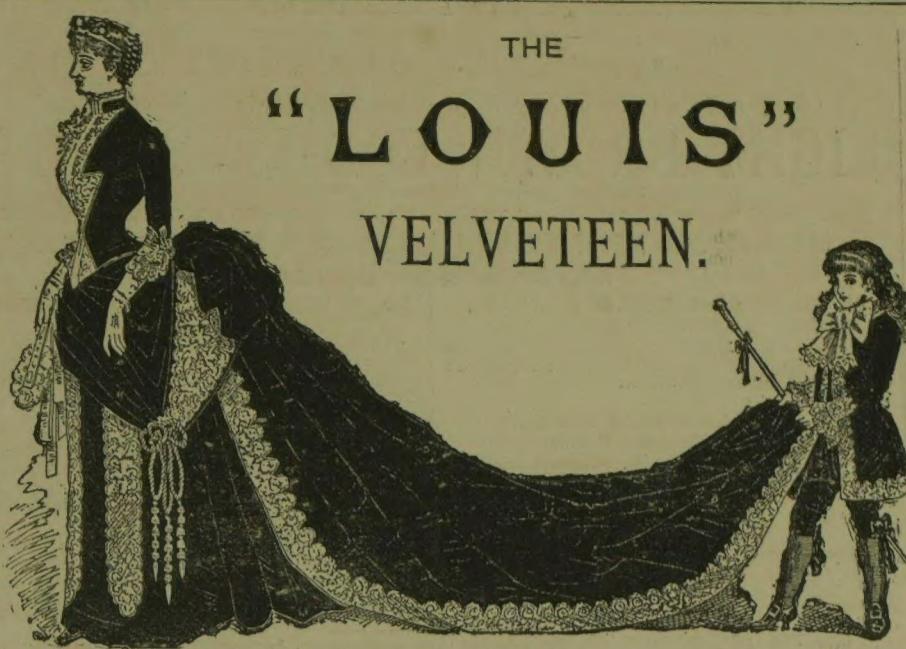
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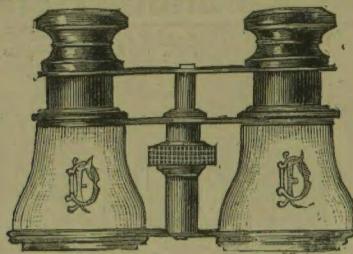
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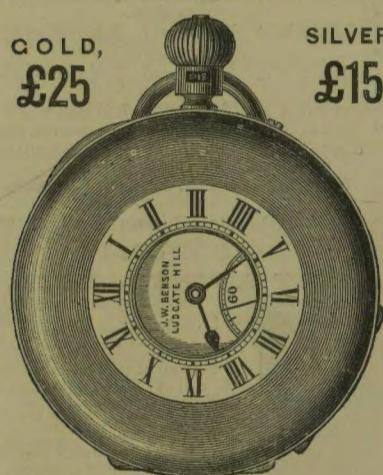
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